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The Week

PREMIER BALDWIN, though he has succeeded in averting an ominous British coal strike, has not solved the problem which the threat of trouble dramatized. Subsidizing the poorer sections of the industry so that production can be maintained without lowering the present minimum wage will prove a heavy burden on a government which already must tax to the limit of public endurance and is bent on economy. A permanent government subsidy to enable price reduction is out of the question. If, as Mr. J. M. Keynes maintains, the present depression is due to a lack of price deflation which must follow the return to the gold standard, no improvement of trade is in prospect until prices come down—either through a wage reduction or through some other means. The proposed Royal Commission is supposed to discover the other means. What means can it discover except those proposed to the former coal commission—unification of the industry with pooling of profits and greater efficiency? Great Britain is now suffering for her failure to grasp the counsel of intelligence offered six years ago. We note that the miners conditioned their acceptance of the present settlement on a promise by the Premier that the recommendations of the new commission will be adopted. Thus it may come about that what British labor has failed to secure through its own political activity it will gain through a threat of industrial non-coöperation while its opponents bear the responsibility of government.

THE present exchange of populations between Germany and Poland is a barbarous business which has been handled about as badly on both sides as it possibly could be. No one has solved the problem of territories of mixed population as it exists in the present era of intense nationalism. It seems to be generally agreed that the explusion of the Greeks from Turkey and the Turks from Greece, even with all the terrible misery involved, has been the best way out of the tangle. The greater part of that exchange has been conducted under the supervision of a League of Nations Commission, and every effort made to alleviate the suffering of the hapless victims. Poland and Germany on the other hand have acted with incredible cruelty.

IT IS quite true that Poland's action is legal. The Germans who have been deported voted in the plebiscite five years ago to retain their German citizenship. The Hague Court of Arbitration has sustained Poland's right to take the action which had been agreed upon, and Germany has been far too optimistic in advising the prospective deportees to stay where they were. Apparently Germany still cherishes the hope that the territory lost to Poland may some day be redeemed. That the Polish action is legal does not, however, mitigate its callous brutality. Poland has treated like prisoners of war the innocent Germans, whose only crime has been a desire to retain the nationality of their fathers, and who have been born and brought up in the territory from which they are now expelled. The German reprisal in promptly expelling from the Ruhr all the Polish miners is a piece of folly which would be childish did it not have such serious consequences. Disastrous wars have started from far less important causes than the incompetence,

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cruelty and shortsightedness which the German and Polish governments are displaying. Count Skrzynski, the Polish Foreign Minister, is now in the United States on a mission of good-will and international friendship. The best way he could help to retain the friendship of the United States would be to hurry home and tell his country to come down about eight centuries in its standards of conduct.

THE Institute of Politics at Williamstown started off this year in an unusually praiseworthy spirit of healthy scientific realism. We regret, therefore, to note that Count Antonio Cippico, Italian Fascist Senator, has seen fit to drag out, in an Institute address, the moth-eaten old doctrine of colonies as a relief for over-population. Even a Fascist ought to know by this time that colonial emigration is no relief for over-population. The complex group of causes which produces a rapidly growing population is certain to create a bigger problem than can ever be solved by deporting citizens. If through emigration the pressure at home were actually relieved, there is the best of reasons to suppose that the high birth rate would go even higher, and conditions in a short time be worse than ever. The best possible proof of our statement is the recent history of Italy herself. For a generation she has been "relieving her over-population" by exporting her sons on a gigantic scale to the New World. What has been the result of all this magnificent relief? By Count Cippico's own testimony, the population burden is at the present moment greater than it has ever been before. His theory of "a hair of the dog that bit you" may go down in the Italian senate; but not with anyone who has read recent history. The only real relief for over-population is the application of the doctrine of birth control; and the Roman Catholic Church, which rules Italy socially, has not yet recognized that fact, although there are plenty of signs that it will in the not distant future.

THIS is precisely what Professor Edward M. East trenchantly pointed out to Count Cippico. Professor East is voicing no "unreasonable or unethical request" when he asks that "Italy set her house in order, that instead of spawning children on the world with haphazard recklessness, when they can be given no fair chance for a life of happiness and usefulness, to restrict the families in accordance with opportunities." Nevertheless, we wonder if Professor East felt the least bit embarrassed in proffering this remedy on behalf of a nation which seeks to prevent the operation of birth control by law, which denies to reason and good-will in this matter the information necessary to make them effective, which puts men and women in prison for seeking to share this beneficent knowledge with their suffering fellows, and where an ecclesiastic as truculent and obscurantist as any in Italy can cause the police authorities to violate the principle of free speech in order that the very name of birth control may not be heard. We think that in the interest of international good feeling Professor East, after showing up Count Cippico and Italy, should have added "There but for the grace of God in the matter of natural resources go these United States."

THE Morocco situation remains unchanged. It appears fairly certain that peace will be made before October. Then the rainy season sets in, and the French will be unable, the Riffi unwilling, to fight. The chief question is whether General Petain will enter into negotiations with Abd-el-Krim on the basis of the latter's proposals, or whether the restoration of prestige demands another offensive by the French to leave them with at least a semblance of military superiority. In any case the honors of the war remain divided between the Riffi, whose sacrifices for their freedom are of the kind which used to stir the admiration of the world; and the French Communists whose steadfast, undeviating opposition in the Chamber of Deputies, on public platforms, in the press, have made a record for boldness in defying a government engaged in the sacred function of making war.

IT IS indeed a sorry day for the exponents of protective tariffs when the official leader of the tariff party is reduced to saying apologetically that a wage cut, during a period of generally good times, in one of the most protected industries, cannot be attributed to high duties. Being respectful listeners to Republican campaign speeches, we had always supposed that protection not only did not cause wage reductions, but actually filled the dinner pail. In the case of woolen mills it appears, however, that high duties are not enough to overcome three other causes of depression alleged by the President's anonymous spokesman—Southern competition, a public preference for woolens rather than worsteds, and over-expansion during the War. The first reason is clearly the figment of a frowsy mind, since the South makes, not woolen but cotton goods. The second is difficult to understand, since the mills make both woolens and worsteds, woolens are supposed to wear out more quickly than worsteds, and Americans appear to be clothed. The third raises more questions than it answers. Over-equipped in relation to what? Is it not in relation to the public's willingness or ability to buy the kind of goods offered at the prices asked? American woolens have not merely foreign competition to fear. They must also compete with other kinds of clothing, as well as with other appeals to the consumers' pocketbook, such as automobiles, radios, and vacuum cleaners, against which no duty can protect them. It may just possibly be that a long period of coddling has rendered the textile men sluggish in their manufacturing and merchandising methods, in their organization to reduce costs, and in their efforts to reduce prices.

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IN THE prevailing uncertainty about the causes of the woolen cut, the best point has been made by President William Green of the American Federation of Labor. Nobody really knows how necessary or unnecessary the reduction was. Nobody, that is, with the exception of the inner circle who ordered it—and perhaps not even they. For it was an autocratic action, taken by the rulers of the industry, without accounting or explanation to those whom it affects most—the workers. "The reprehensible feature of it is that it is a forced reduction in wages. The workers have not been consulted regarding acceptance or rejection. . . . It is not based upon reason, fairness and justice." If there were a strongly organized union in the textile industry capable of calling the owners to account, we might not avoid the wage cut, but we should at least know whether labor were being made the scapegoat of a stupid managerial and political policy. We might even find out enough about the causes of the trouble to prevent its recurrence.

INCIDENTALLY, we should like to place on the wall of the President's study a neatly framed inscription written in his own hand, reading, "The textile industry is over-equipped." We should like to place beside it another by Mr. Hoover, reading, "The coal industry is over-developed." A third might say, "The automobile industry has a vast surplus capacity." And so on, through a list of almost all important industries. After he had contemplated these for some weeks, we should like to show him the figures proving that more money had been invested in American productive industry in the first half of 1925 than in any six months in history, and that interest rates are falling because the funds seeking investment tend to exceed the demand for them. Then we should like to be present when Secretary Mellon enters the room, pleading for a reduction of surtaxes on large incomes, for an abolition of inheritance taxes, and against relief for the small taxpayer—all this on the ground that such measures would release capital for more private investment. At this moment we would observe carefully the crisis of our intelligence test. If the President had a spark of reasoning power, he would reply, "Mr. Secretary, what we need at this time is not more productive capital, but more purchasing power in the hands of the mass of consumers. If you must lower taxes, do it in the lower brackets."

THE National Association of Real Estate Boards is urging the abolition of all Federal inheritance, estate and gift taxes as unsound and unfair. It wants these matters left to the individual states, of course in the belief that by centralizing its propaganda on them one by one, it can persuade them to adopt the "Florida idea" and abolish these annoying imposts. We should advise the National Association to be careful not to overshoot the mark. City, state and federal revenues have to come from somewhere. If inheritance and similar taxes are abolished, it may occur to some bright legislature somewhere to levy on the unearned increment in land, out of which the nation's real estate operators get their profits, about 90 percent of which are unearned in the sense that no socially useful function is performed in exchange for them.

FIGURES have recently been made public as to the current cost of war preparation in various countries. Since they were collected by the statistics branch of the U. S. War Department, and the translation into dollars made by a leading New York bank a short time ago, they ought to be reasonably authentic. We quote some of the major items, all for 1924:

France	$220,403,601
Germany	107,100,000
Gt. Britain	652,696,789
Italy	117,093,411
Japan	17,683,300
Russia	105,752,070
United States	554,372,018

These figures of course do not tell the whole story. The item for Great Britain is exclusive of the expenditures of Australia, Canada and India, which total $211,452,507. France might reasonably be supposed to have more than a neighborly interest in the expenditures of the Little Entente, which are $57,062,522. The figure for Japan seems extraordinarily low and that for Germany (although it is confirmed from independent sources) surprisingly high. These details, however, are relatively unimportant. The general picture is of the world's chief powers still pouring out an incredible amount of treasure each year upon armaments, though the one lesson of history which is so plain as to be inescapable is that increasing armaments also increases the likelihood of war. Mr. Ed Keen, European manager for the United Press, reminded us the other day that there are more men under arms in that unhappy continent than there were just before the Great War began. Any dove of peace sent forth just now from the hopeful ark at Geneva would have a hard time finding an olive branch to bring back.

THE problem of prohibition retains an extraordinary vitality as a subject of popular interest. After five and one half years it is still sufficiently an open question to be the occasion for two recent debates at opposite ends of the country. In the August issue of Current History, New York, Wayne B. Wheeler, counsel for the Anti-Saloon League of America, and Senator William Bruce of Maryland, fight out the question of its success or failure. In Seattle Mr. A. Scott Bullitt has stirred up the community by demanding that the Democratic party should endorse the policy of having the definition of

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intoxicating liquor in the Volstead law modified to fit the scientific facts. Liquor with an alcoholic content of one half of 1 percent is not intoxicating, Mr. Bullitt insists. Nobody can possibly drink enough of such a beverage to get drunk. The actual definition ought to permit a content somewhere between 2 and 6 percent. Mr. Bullitt thinks if the law were amended to fit the real facts, it would probably do away with much of the illicit manufacture and sale of whiskey, gin, etc., would end the serious menace to respect for law which the present situation affords, and permit the use of very light wine and beer to those who wish them. Mr. Bullitt writes us that among the popular audiences to whom he makes this suggestion, a majority of the men seem to be in agreement, while the women are about equally divided. Most of the Democratic politicians, however, appear to believe that politically the suggestion would be fatal.

THE debate between Mr. Wheeler and Senator Bruce, like so many debates, leaves everyone just where he was at the start. Senator Bruce regards prohibition as a failure, on all the familiar grounds. He quotes statistics which show increasing arrests for drunkenness each year since the amendment came into effect, but cannily omits to quote comparable statistics from the pre-prohibition period. Mr. Wheeler shows that arrests for drunkenness are today much fewer than before 1919, but says nothing about an increasing ratio. He offers an avalanche of statistics which we summarize in part:

> Juvenile delinquency has been reduced two-thirds. . . . So has alcoholic insanity. . . . The decreased death rate has saved a million lives. . . . Expenditures of charity organizations for drunkards' wives have been reduced 74 percent. . . . Industrial accidents have decreased by 250,000 a year. . . . Savings bank accounts have quadrupled in number and the total amount of money in them has doubled. . . . The building of homes has increased from $25,000,000 a month to $153,000,000. . . . Five and ten cent stores have increased their sales from $15,000,000 a month to $30,000,000. . . . More people favor prohibition than ever before. This is evidenced by the fact that in the past four months twelve states have passed stricter enforcement laws. . . . Arrests for drunkenness are now nine per thousand persons instead of the pre-prohibition seventeen.

Some of these statistical statements, we should say, should be taken with about a tablespoonful of salt. They are interesting, however, if only to show how completely impossible it is to get a meeting of minds on this matter. Prohibition is the greatest social experiment in all history. It can hardly be tested fairly in less than a quarter of a century; but we predict that even in a century and a quarter, when the whole world, if the prohibitionists' predictions are correct, will have gone dry, people will still be disputing about it.

William Jennings Bryan

THE CAREER of William J. Bryan was in almost all its aspects an unusually complete example of the futility of unenlightened and undisciplined good intentions. He brought to his work of popular tribune rare and abundant gifts. His heart was large and it beat strong. He had wide and lively sympathies with the point of view and the needs of the American people. He loved them and most ardently he willed their welfare. Being temperamentally an evangelist, he dedicated his life to persuading them to walk according to the light as he saw it. He obtained for a while considerable influence over them.

At his best he could sway a popular audience more successfully than any public speaker of his generation. His voice was a superbly flexible and full toned instrument for his purpose. He used it artfully. He practiced all the tricks of the pulpit and the platform, but only for causes in which he devoutly believed. He was, of course, an ambitious man who wished to occupy the greatest office in the gift of his fellow countrymen, but he was also in his own way disinterested. He could sacrifice his personal interests and serve, if necessary, in a subordinate capacity as, for instance, Theodore Roosevelt could not. The episode of his career in which he appeared to the best advantage was the gallant and shrewd fight which he carried on against blind and reactionary influences in the Democratic Convention of 1912. It was his pugnacity which made Woodrow Wilson's nomination possible, and later it was his loyal coöperation which removed the most dangerous obstacles to the success of Mr. Wilson's first term. Throughout his whole relationship with his chief he behaved in a thoroughly creditable manner. There was a good deal that was second rate about Mr. Bryan, but there was nothing petty, vindictive or sensitively egotistic. He did not cherish grudges and resentments and then save his self-respect by transfiguring them into divine judgments. He was incapable of self-righteous ill-temper. He dealt fairly and even generously with friend and foe.

Probably his outstanding characteristic was a fluid and somewhat unsophisticated sincerity. By emphasizing his sincerity, we do not mean merely that he believed what he said. No man who preached as often, as easily and as ignorantly as he did could in any real sense believe what he said. He was intoxicated and betrayed by his own verbal facility and fluency, and sang many songs that passed out of existence with the occasion. By his sincerity we mean his dispositon, despite ridicule and abuse, to translate his moral rhetoric into the only kind of action which he understood, viz., political action. It was characteristic of him always to run and jump towards an immediate political remedy for any real or supposed public misfortune or malady which

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deeply afflicted him, and to all the causes with which he was conspicuously associated most of his fellow-countrymen were in the beginning more or less indifferent. He was urging progressive measures of one kind or another and protesting against the domination of big business many years before this brand of politics became popular. He deplored intemperance and believed in the possibility of its extermination by legal prohibition. He was a pacifist agitator and a prospective negotiator of arbitration treaties in the service of his Master, the Prince of Peace, at a time when most Americans could discover no relationship between the Gospel and the prevention of war. Late in life he suddenly realized that the salutary truths of religion, as he understood them, were being compromised by the spread of belief in a materialistic account of the origin of the world and mankind, and as usual he invoked a political remedy. He called for laws which would prohibit the teaching of this impious doctrine in the public schools. In all these cases Bryan dared to rush in where angels feared to tread.

But notwithstanding his rare gifts of feeling and good-will he himself contributed little to the success of the causes which he had most at heart. His intelligence was not as robust as his good-will, and his education was deplorably defective. He did not know the nature of scientific evidence and method. He did not understand what technical discipline is. The only art which he practiced was that of an orator, and his fluency and flexibility in addressing audiences confirmed the tendency which he derived from his education to confuse words with things and to depend upon utterances to save his fellow men and his own soul from perdition. He persistently agitated in favor of reforms without spending any time on methodical preparation. Indeed he deliberately disparaged expertise of all kinds. It seemed to him undemocratic. What he took to be the American way was to create armies out of minute men, peace out of good-will, science out of verbal analogies, religion out of inspired writings and evangelical enthusiasm, and a progressive society out of a marriage between aspiration and exhortation. He was occupied chiefly in improvising political hymns for audiences of small-town Americans and in moving them to sing and to vote in response to him.

In culture he was a cross between a non-conformist clergyman and a traditional Jacksonian Democrat; and both of these disciplines disqualified him for the world in which he lived. There was a time when most of the constructive American activities were improvisations which almost any good fellow could learn and which did not require on the part of those who followed them much methodical preparation. The good fellows who practiced these activities inevitably attached more importance to good nature and good will than to intelligence, and they inevitably disparaged the small minority of their fellow countrymen who measured the value of human achievement by exacting technical standards. Mr. Bryan belonged to this period. If he had flourished in a pioneer community before the Civil War he might have been a great and a successful popular leader. He could then have used his magnificent voice to exhort and beguile his fellow-countrymen to respond to his appeals with a repetition of his own phrases and songs. But during the first quarter of the twentieth century a politician who was chiefly a good hearted improviser of familiar rhythms like Mr. Bryan was certain in many important circumstances to be stricken with ineptitude and unsubstantiality. His quick sympathies detected the opportunities of leadership, but his obsolete equipment prevented him from seizing the occasions.

Once every four years when the Democratic party assembled in Convention, Mr. Bryan's figure loomed large and effective. He expanded in an atmosphere of party contention and political rhetoric. But at other times and particularly in critical situations when aggressive and specific action was required, he was powerless to precipitate himself into an effective incarnation. Prominent as he had been during the years of progressive agitation, he faded away during the succeeding years of progressive legislation. He could not realize a program. The leadership even of his own party passed to another man. The only important office which he occupied was that of Secretary of State, but he could not adapt himself to the requirements of the work and he emerged from the Cabinet a better, a sadder but a smaller man. During the turbulent years of the American crusade in Europe he was for the most part invisible and even inarticulate. He was incapable of grasping what it was all about. It seemed almost as if he did not actually live unless he was improvising or haranguing from a pulpit or a platform on some traditional theme. His very sincerity evaporated when he ceased to sing and was obliged to meet the test of specific actions. For while his sermons and hymns were those of an evangelist, his behavior, when he had to choose, was usually that of a party politician.

His progressivism was accidental and devoid of leaven. His mind was nourished upon the sentimental social, moral and theological rhetoric which formed so large a part of American culture during the Middle Period. He believed profoundly in the literal inspiration, in the wholly salutary magic of his certain cherished words and scripts. He did not regard language as a vehicle of communication which derived its functional value from the interpretations attached to it by individual minds. His chosen words and in some measure all words possessed for him an essential potency analogous to the magical ferment which passes from the altar to the devout worshipper during the Catholic mass. The Lord had strung them together into inspired his-

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tories and truths which it was impious to criticize or repudiate, and which it was salutary to believe, to repeat and if possible to translate into action. Mr. Bryan repeated them for the benefit of his own generation. He was the perfect example of the platform fundamentalist. He lived and loved to preach, and when he preached he envisaged his sermons as winged missals which carried the consolation and blessing of the revealed Word to the hungry and thirsty souls who welcomed them. But he was a fundamentalist who escaped the frequently harsh and unlovely traits of the sect. He was neither arrogant nor self-righteous. His fundamentalism was tempered by amiability. The net impression of him is that of a kind, a brave and an unselfish man who might have been a great power for good if only he had possessed in addition a circumspect and an inquisitive intelligence.

University "Drives"

THE New Republic recently touched on the lack of connection or relation between religion —sure-enough religion—and the drive to raise $15,000,000 to complete the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Since then the breath has been fairly knocked out of us by certain enticing pamphlets inviting the American public to go down into its jeans in order to enable universities to raise millions and millions—or is it billions? Before we pledge our money, or, what is easier, our sympathy and our columns, we are led, in no carping or belittling spirit, to raise the question as to how much connection really exists between the vast sums which universities propose to amass in short order, and the objects for which institutions of learning have hitherto been supposed to exist.

The booklets above described arouse our suspicions. They are extravagantly printed and illustrated; they consist prominently of pictures, showing what landscape gardeners and architects propose to make the universities look like in the course of a decade or two; and they trumpet loudly the names of great teachers and investigators who ornamented the institutions when they lacked the features for which huge sums are now being sought. We may perhaps be pardoned for noting the incongruity: the University of X or the University of Y was a centre of learning before it was ever aware of the existence of landscape gardeners, and before it had money enough to employ a modern architect. Yet in that innocent and neglected condition our universities produced Francis J. Child, Willard Gibbs and Gildersleeve—and even made them effective and happy! Wouldn't fertile soil rather than trim lawns, graveled paths and harmonious structures—Renaissance, Tudor, Gothic or Colonial—perhaps produce the same result today?

To be sure, times have changed. A dollar is fifty cents in purchasing power. Even a professor may be pardoned for wanting a cook (other than his wife) and owning a Ford. Modern science requires—sometimes (not always!)—complex and expensive apparatus and larger staffs than the science of a generation ago. But only part of the huge sums now asked is destined to raise salaries and to provide books and apparatus. Millions are being sought to realize architectural dreams and to accommodate floods of students who would be cut off at the front door if reasonable attainments were required as a basis of admission, or fired out of the back door if reasonable earnestness were required as the basis of remaining.

There is another puzzle in this business. Other countries are poor, but their universities have not gone into the hands of receivers. Indeed, it still appears to be worth while for American students to go abroad to study. To be sure, universities can be run more cheaply in Europe than in America. And in some ways they had the start of us, for they began earlier and thus acquired plants before we woke up. We do therefore now need more than they, but do we need so much more, do we need it in such competitive and extraordinary hurry, and do we need it in such amounts for all the variegated purposes for which it is sought?

The fact is, universities depend on trained men and competent students. It is up to the universities to show that they are not seeking to provide needlessly elaborate and extensive facilities beyond the real value of their faculties, and that their student bodies are selected with the discrimination requisite in financial commitments of the amounts involved. Undoubtedly, from time to time, new steps must be taken, and, when they are taken, they have to be adequately financed; undoubtedly, the men ought to be much better paid—for if they are not better paid, those who can will largely desert and the quality of the new recruits will be below par. We are not asking universities to stop, for we know they are incomplete; nor to be niggardly, for we know that small salaries drive able men away from them. We are whole-heartedly in favor, not of every projected miscellaneous development, but of supplying every real intellectual gap as fast as it can be well done; we are wholeheartedly in favor of making teaching and research comfortable enough to be a possible career for gifted and idealistic persons who are still human beings. But we insist that no real university was ever planned by a landscape gardener, portrayed on blue prints, created by schematizers, seeking to establish a school for every known or imagined "activity," or justified by curves showing how the attendance has been annually swelled by opening the floodgates to students of every possible variety —qualified, partly qualified, unqualified, full-time, part-time, etc. Our universities have made a magnificent contribution to the nation, but perhaps, in the sudden increase of national resources, they have momentarily lost their sense of relative values.

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The Miners and Arbitration

CAREFULLY planned strategy on the part of the anthracite operators has put the miners in a hole. At the beginning of the negotiations, the operators offered arbitration of all questions remaining in dispute on September first, the expiration date of the present agreement. The miners refused. Thereupon the operators inserted advertisements in important papers throughout the country, recounting the incident, and placing on the workers the blame for any interruption of production. The operators could go on blandly refusing all demands, secure in the knowledge that if a strike came they would profit by the fear of a shortage while the union was blamed for the high prices.

The mine workers' objections to arbitration rest partly on the sad experience of 1920. Then, after they thought they had won, they suddenly received no more at the hands of the arbitrator than the employers had offered them in the first place. To assent to arbitration deprives them of a large part of their bargaining power. And it places their fate in the hands of an individual who they fear will be prejudiced against them. This fear is not unreasonable. For the arbitrator is, in a sense, the representative of "the public." The employers will tell him that higher wages mean higher prices to the public. He will believe this, because it has proved so in the past, and because it will be shown that certain marginal producers, on whose costs the price at the mine rests, cannot incur larger expense without charging more.

The operators thus stand no chance of losing by arbitration. If the decision is against the union, as it probably would be, they win. But if a wage increase should be awarded, they would take it out of the public and win that way. Arbitration, in a situation like this, is really a contest between the workers and the consumers, in which the employers have little or no interest. And the "neutral" judge would be a representative of one party in the contest.

What the miners in all justice ought to have, and what the public needs, is a shift of the issue which would confine the controversy where it belongs—within the industry. The gross proceeds of the industry seem to be sufficient at present to pay both increased wages and fair profits. The question which ought to be decided is how much of these proceeds should go to the workers, and how much to the owners. If there is to be a wage increase, it ought to come out of surplus profits or out of better management rather than out of the consumers. If the workers permit their wages to be determined by a third party, the employers ought to permit their profits to be so determined. Only so could a fair arbitration be brought about. Only if it were brought about, and the consumers were thus protected against price increases no matter what the result, could a representative of the public be truly impartial.

As we have previously pointed out, the present organization of the industry is such that no "natural" encroachment on profits either by the workers or by the consumers may be expected. The big firms producing the bulk of the coal average to have lower costs—in some cases much lower—than the little firms producing the rest of the coal. As long as competition and separation prevails between the big firms and the little firms, the costs of the little ones set the lower limit below which the prices of the big ones need never go. This creates enormous profits for the big fellows which labor cannot get at. Neither can the public get at them under present conditions—unless the demand for anthracite at the prices charged should fall considerably below the supply.

A similar situation on the railroads we have sought to remedy by a "recapture" provision in the Transportation Act. Values of railroad properties are fixed by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Rates are supposed to be set so that they provide a fair average return on the valuation. In the case of roads making more than the fair rate of return, half of the excess is supposed to be taken by the government so that it may be used in some way for the benefit of roads which, at the rates set, get into difficulties.

We acknowledge that this plan is a clumsy substitute for a genuinely national transportation system in which such adjustments could be made administratively, and that it has not yet worked. We suspect that some day coal will have to be publicly owned and run as a national industry rather than as a series of independent principalities. But that day is a long way off, and we shall have to try other expedients first. It would, moreover, be intrinsically much simpler to apply the recapture plan to the closely knit anthracite industry than to the sprawling railroads. Why might we not have, in anthracite coal, fair valuations of the properties, the fixing of a fair rate of return to the owners, and the recapture of excess profits above the fair rate, so that fair wages might be paid throughout the industry, by those who do not make more than a fair profit as well as by those who do?

We cannot install such a plan by legislation in time to affect the present dispute, and aside from the difficulty of getting the law enacted, there might be some doubt of its constitutionality, especially if it were passed by the Federal Congress. But there would be no legal obstacle in the way of the industry's adopting it as a self regulative measure. And there is nothing to prevent the miners from proposing it to the operators.

The union might say, "We will arbitrate provided you will insure a fair arbitration by guaranteeing in advance that any wage increase which may be awarded will not be passed on to the consumers, but will be paid out of the profits or better management. And in order to insure this result we ask

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you to agree to impartial accounting and publicity of costs and profits, to impartial valuation of the mine properties on a just basis, to the fixing of a fair rate of return, and to a plan for recapture of excess profits of companies having returns above the fair rate in order to make up deficiencies in wages paid by those not having more than a fair profit."

At the very least, this would lift the miners from the hole into which the operators have put them. It would show why the miners cannot consent to the old type of arbitration. It would put on the operators the burden of proving that there is anything unfair about the new arbitration proposal. And it would direct the attention of the public to the structure of the industry, which now rigs it against the interests of both consumer and worker.

Can Doctors Cure Society?

IN every age enlightened people have regarded various classes of crimes as the work of evil spirits who have occupied the bodies of their victims in much the same way they were once supposed to inhabit the insane. The analogy has always received special point, of course, from the insensate nature of many crimes. But in the past crime and insanity have remained after all mere analogies because too little was known about either to disclose any considerable similarity. The humanitarian impulse has therefore led to nothing. One may desire to believe that criminals, at least certain sorts of criminals, are not "responsible" for their crimes, and even to treat them as though they were suffering from seizure by an evil spirit. But the means are lacking. The criminal himself resists that classification. The weight of public opinion is on the side of retribution. Accordingly the case has been perpetually lost by default.

Now, however, the means are at hand to make the demonstration effective. For several decades modern psychiatry has been moving steadily in the direction in which insanity and crime converge. Much of this research is associated with the name of Freud and his famous colleagues, but not all of it. The essential point is that, whether they employ the methods and the terms of Freud or not, practically all psychiatrists now look increasingly to the life and behavior, the human experience and social background of their patients for the source of their maladies rather than to any organic lesion. The insane are thus regarded as persons who have been broken down by the weight of the unendurable conflicts and confusions in their lives. But this is precisely what causes crime. What is a murderer? He is a man who could no longer tolerate the existence of his enemy, or a man who proved unable to extricate himself from a troublesome situation except by violence. If, in that situation, one man goes mad and another shoots, is the second case any less a breakdown of normal human behavior than the other? From the point of view of this psychiatry we can plausibly deny it. Moreover, since the years that have brought the new psychiatry have also witnessed the reform of insane asylums, there is now so much the more reason for pressing the analogy. To call in the psychiatrist for a comparative study of the two manifestations is obviously the next step.

The verdict of the psychiatrist is precisely what the whole argument has implied. The more study is devoted to the inmates of penitentiaries and jails the clearer it becomes that they resemble the inmates of asylums in their actual present condition as well as in their history and background. The National Committee for Mental Hygiene, for example, has reported some thousands of cases of prisoners who have been found to be "mentally diseased, feeble-minded, or otherwise mentally abnormal." Naturally this is not true of every person who commits a crime. Many crimes represent a sheer conflict of interest between an individual and the organized community. They are the result of misfortune, perhaps, but not of disorganized behavior. But the authors of sporadic and occasional crimes do not belong to the criminal class, strictly so called. As persons they are not a social problem because they are not a group at all. Probably most of those who pass completely through the sieve of the psychiatrist are these individualists of crime. The criminal who is most numerous and most persistent and therefore most troublesome is the repeater, the recidivist, the delinquent who spends his life in the "state course," matriculating early in the reform school, and passing by regular promotion through all the grades of commitment, probation, and recommitment to a conclusive long term sentence in the penitentiary. Most of these are now identified as psychopathic cases. "The problem of delinquency," we are now told by the psychiatrists, "is a problem of recidivism, and recidivism is a problem of psychopathology."

The recognition of this fact by scientists is a very great gain indeed. To be sure, it can hardly be called a discovery, but is rather the confirmation through the technique of modern science of a condition which many intelligent men have suspected, some of them long before the advent of the science of psychiatry. But knowledge is a different thing from suspicion, and science exercises an authority in the modern world that is hardly to be resisted. Assuming that the psychiatrists are now able to provide us with exact knowledge of the character of the criminal, it is inconceivable that we shall not begin at once the attempt to treat him differently.

Nevertheless, how successful we shall be remains to be determined. It is one thing to recognize that crime is due to mental disease and that mental disease is due to thwarted lives. To straighten out

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warped lives, much more to insure against warping in the future, is quite another thing. This was our comment some time ago upon a report of progress by the director of the Committee for Mental Hygiene. In the present issue we are printing a rejoinder by a member of the educational division of the Committee objecting to certain implications of this comment. In particular Mr. Komora insists, and quotes a forthcoming report to the same effect, that the psychiatrists are thoroughly impatient with "present-day socio-legal procedures" and impressed with "the vital character of medico-psychological considerations in the treatment of recidivism." But precisely what has psychiatry to contribute to the treatment of the criminal class? Identifying the condition is certainly not treatment. It may be just the opposite, if the condition is recognized as incurable. The Committee holds that "what is paramount . . . is the right understanding of the personality back of the criminal behavior," and that "the psychiatric clinic . . . is the best practical mechanism yet devised to secure this understanding." No doubt this is quite true, so far as diagnosis goes, and diagnosis, as we have tried to show, is the beginning of all things. But treatment? Are we to understand that there exist clinics of psychiatrists who undertake to cure these psychopathic cases? Are the figures of these cures as extensive and as reliable as the figures for diagnosis? We are not told, and we venture to doubt it.

The reasons behind our doubt are two. Mental disturbance, whether it leads to prison or to the asylum, is an occupational disease of civilization. It can be cured only by bringing the patient into effective adjustment with civilization, and that is a difficult undertaking first because the problems of adjustment which each individual presents are complicated beyond the effective control of any existing agency, and second because civilization itself resists the process. As no one knows better than the psychiatrist, effective adjustment requires the manipulation of all "those mental habits, traits, and emotional reactions which gradually become fixed in a psychopathic personality." To control all the conditions of life, all the "medical, legal, welfare, religious, and educational" agencies must combine. Now it makes little difference whether this combination is effected under the ægis of psychiatry or not; it is in fact a "socio-legal procedure." You cure the tuberculosis which is an occupational disease of the textile industry not by serums or surgery but by altering the employment of the patient. You cure the constitutionally psychopathic inferior (if you can) by modifying all the conditions of his life. This would seem to be a job in which sociologists and economists must necessarily play their parts. In any case it would seem to be distinctly beyond the resources of the psychiatric social worker. There may be social workers who are competent to scatter sunbeams through the clouded lives of their recidivists, to bear the yokes of the weary and the sick at heart. But they must be very few.

What no social worker can alter is civilization. The psychiatrists are resolutely of the opinion that economic considerations do not enter into mental disorders. But their conception of an economic motive is the need for money and nothing else. When they deny that delinquency is caused by economic forces they mean that no one believes any more that girls go "on the street" simply to earn money. But no economist holds this conception of the economic motive. The cause of delinquency is a background of sex squalor? That has its economic side. One phase of the situation is the crowded tenement, the six-beds-in-a-room, which produced the sophistication and the casual intimacy in which delinquency flowers as in its natural manure. But are we to understand that this family selected these conditions in preference to ten rooms with three baths on Riverside Drive? Or again, the factory girl demands fine raiment and bright lights, and takes to vice as the road to these enjoyments. Then she scorns the opera and the ballrooms of respectable and exclusive hostesses? The importance of the economic motive is not its starkness but its subtlety and its pervasiveness. It conditions every human need. Nor is poverty a curse only of the poor. Gout is an occupational disease no less than lead poisoning.

Whether the social arrangements that cramp the rich and bind the poor be called economic or not is of no consequence. That they be recognized as the source of crime as well as of its kindred social and mental ailments is absolutely essential. The control of crime is now what it has always been, a problem in social reconstruction of the conditions that produce criminals. The doctors who have marked out the course along which social forces flow have performed a service for which civilization should honor them. But if they insist upon treating civilization as though its disorders will respond to a little calomel, they will nullify their own diagnosis by preventing adequate therapeusis. When the disease is cancer of the social institutions it is no time to snub the economic specialist.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The New Cancer Germ

IN THE past few weeks the cables have been busy with the news that two English investigators have discovered a new germ which is the cause of cancer. Naturally the complete technical papers were awaited with interest because of the extraordinary possibilities uncovered by such a discovery. Now that the Lancet containing them has arrived it is possible to form some judgment of the value of the results. On the whole the impression gained from the papers themselves, even though accompanied by a highly flattering editorial, is somewhat disappointing. Both are obscure, apparently hastily written, and there is not as much in them that is new as might have been expected from the cabled reports.

The work of Mr. Barnard, for example, can be dismissed as not furnishing any very definite evidence for or against the important conclusions drawn by Doctor Gye. He has merely photographed what the latter supposes to be the germ of cancer, using the conventional methods of photography with ultra-violet light developed by the scientific staff of the Zeiss optical works in Germany, and widely used for twenty years. The process consists in short of substituting lenses made of quartz for the ordinary microscope lenses. Quartz permits, as glass will not, the passage of light of a very short wave length, wholly invisible to the eye. This ingenious procedure practically doubles the microscopic power of revealing fine details and gives pictures not otherwise obtainable, but as the eye cannot see such light the only record is obtained by photographing the image. Barnard's only original contribution is a special and very elaborate apparatus in the design of which he has collaborated, believing it offers some advantages over the usual photomicrographic apparatus.

The paper on the methods of cultivation of the supposed organism of cancer by Doctor Gye contains much more that is novel. He uses as a basis the admirable work of Dr. Peyton Rous of the Rockefeller Institute, who years ago described some tumors from chickens which, in contradistinction to all other known tumors, could be ground up, the solid particles removed by filtration, and the clear liquid used to reproduce new tumors in the same breed of chicken in which the primary growth occurred. Rous's work was so careful and complete that nothing remained but the isolation of the organism. This he was unable to do, and the gap Gye has attempted to fill. He believes that he has discovered this parasite, but the fact is that he has carried the work but little beyond the point reached by Rous and others who have studied the subject. There is no definite proof that the bodies which Mr. Barnard has photographed are those chemical substances or organisms which cause the tumor in the hen. Gye believes that it is impossible with the germ alone to produce a tumor, and comes to the conclusion that its action must be supported by some other substance in order to make it effective. In other words, this germ has not been shown by Gye to be the cause of the chicken tumor. But this brings us back to the generally received theory of cancer, in which it is assumed that an irritant, acting upon cells which are susceptible, produces changes in those cells which render them capable of active multiplication in the body, and when that active multiplication has occurred, we have a cancer.

It has long been known that germs or their products might act as irritants in the production of cancer. The basis of Gye's argument for a combination cause is that by treating cultures, already shown to be effective in producing tumors, with chloroform under certain conditions, tumor formation after injection is prevented. He therefore assumes that the chloroform has killed the parasite. He is then able to revive, so to speak, this solution, which is supposed to contain a second essential substance, by adding culture fluid in which fragments of tumors from other animals or human beings had been placed.

An equally good explanation would be that these hypothetical germs were not killed by the chloroform but that their growth was merely temporarily interfered with, and then when a fresh lot of tissue juice from the tumor is added the germs are revived to such an extent that they are able to grow and cause a tumor. Such an explanation has been shown to be valid with ordinary bacteria. He has also apparently not tried the effect of cultures from normal tissues in place of cancers. It is very possible that such resuscitation of a culture could be accomplished by an extract not only of tumor tissue but of healthy tissue. As he does not mention these control tests the assumption must be that he has not carried them out. Should his results be duplicated with normal tissue his theory falls to the ground, for the germ then must be a common inhabitant of the body. Thus his statement that the cause of human cancer is "almost certainly a virus" is not only not proved by Doctor Gye but the evidence in his paper is not even sufficient to make it probable that it is true. On the other hand one definite accomplishment is that he has shown that a mouse tumor with which he has worked is transferable by the injection of a clear culture fluid just as the Rous chicken tumor is. This fact is a real addition to our knowledge of tumors, should it be confirmed by others.

All this may seem captious criticism, but it is difficult for those unfamiliar with the obscure and complicated phenomena which laboratory investigators of cancer attempt to unravel to appreciate the enor-

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mous complexities of the situation, the pitfalls which lie in wait for the careless experimenter, and the caution which it is necessary to exert before conclusions can be drawn from what seem obvious facts. The astronomer turns his telescope to the heavens and sees a new star. His only error may be in confusing one of the asteroids with a new and distant sun. That error can be eliminated in a few hours' observation. Within twenty-four hours astronomers all over the world are observing the same star and checking the results. The ease with which the validity of the conclusions can be confirmed lies in the fact that the basis is an accurate measurement with relatively simple methods.

The student of cancer, on the other hand, deals with extraordinarily complex substances endowed with life. The slightest injury by light or heat or mechanical action destroys the object upon which he is working. Cancer grows in a body itself quickly susceptible to slight damage. A few dozen typhoid bacilli swallowed and in a month the machinery may stop. Concerning the laws which govern the growth both of the tumor tissues and the tissues of the body we know infinitely little; if possible less is known of the interplay of forces between the cancer cell and the body.

We know almost nothing of the chemistry of the live cell. Almost all our chemistry is of the dead cell. When we study the dead cell we are, as Oliver Wendell Holmes so aptly put it, examining the fireworks on the fifth of July. All the beautiful colored fireballs which come from a roman candle have passed out of existence and we find only a burnt roll of paper. To reconstruct then what goes on in the cell when alive and growing is as difficult as if Robinson Crusoe had found a burnt roman candle on the seashore and tried to imagine what events had preceded the burning of the object which he found. These are some of the reasons for the extreme caution in drawing conclusions and the necessity for the repetition with infinite care of all such experiments which involve living tissue. The rule of scientists is that work of this sort should not be accepted as final until it is confirmed by others in other laboratories under other circumstances.

Another reason for extreme caution is that all these matters of life, and especially matters concerning cancer, have far-reaching consequences, for they touch every human being personally. The man in the street goes about his affairs, eats and sleeps, wholly indifferent to the fact that some astronomer has discovered a new sun in the heavens. It does not affect him. Einstein may announce that space and time form "a four dimensional continuum," yet business goes on as usual, and whether the universe is infinite or limited or whether space is curved or straight, affects no one's life nor the price of shoes and is merely as yet a plaything of the philosophers. But announce that the cancer problem is solved and every one of the hundreds of thousands of people who have cancer, their friends and relatives, immediately becomes interested. The possibility of disappointment, the actual loss of life which may result from neglect of methods already available, in the vain hope that the new discovery may bring some remedy less terrifying than surgery, shows the need of caution.

This is why those who have worked long on the subject of cancer may seem to be sceptical beyond all reason. But it must be remembered that this is not the first cancer germ discovered. There are hundreds of them, and each has been regarded in turn as the real cause of cancer. This is not the first filterable virus that has been supposed to be the cause of cancer. The field has been thoroughly worked, yet so far there has never been a successful demonstration of an organism that can be accepted as the cause of cancer. There are also many reasons to believe that even if some cancers should be found to be caused by a germ like Doctor Gye's filterable virus or the bacteriophage of D'Hérelle, other cancers may have other causes.

Again, even if all of Doctor Gye's investigations be confirmed, all that has been shown is that cancer can be initiated under certain conditions. Once initiated, it still remains a cancer and its cure is by no means in sight. It may be that time will show that we will have to be content with the prevention of cancer and that our present relatively ineffectual methods of curing the disease are all that science can offer. The race may even have to breed itself free. That only another generation can know. But so far as the new germ of cancer is concerned the most that can be said is that Doctor Gye's paper contains some new observations obtained by the most painstaking work, but upon which has been pyramided a threefold hypothesis: that he has discovered the organism related to the Rous chicken sarcoma; that this organism has been photographed; and that on the basis of his work a germ cause may be assumed for cancer in general. It has heretofore usually been considered prudent to reserve such a three dimensional hypothesis for theological discussions. Therefore it might also be well to wait until a firmer foundation is placed under the germ theory of cancer before changing our present view of the disease.

FRANCIS CARTER WOOD.

The Rock

Love kissed me, in a strange, untruthful hour,
All for a smiling lip and shining eye;
Not knowing that my thoughts were far from her,
Set on a wonder in the years gone by.
It was the vision of a mighty rock
That faced the East, across Long Island Sound;
From which a hundred tongues of water burst,
And sang me into slumber on the ground.
And how I, waking in the night-time, saw
A large white butterfly of moonlight clinging
To that rock's forehead, while each silver tongue
Shook faster than a lamb's tail, in its singing.

W. H. DAVIES.

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The Tragedy of Waste*

II. The Wastes of Consumption

IN THE first article of this series, I considered some of the important types of waste which centre around the production of goods—the taking of two steps where one would suffice. In this second article I shall try to outline the waste which flows from the diversion of man power to the making of goods and services which meet no genuine human need—the production of "illth," as Ruskin terms it, rather than wealth. What could be saved if the energy devoted to illth were turned to wealth?

If all consumers were reasonably well educated, if all had roughly equal purchasing power in the market, if the goods and services offered for sale were free from adulteration and defect, it might well be impertinent to make inquiry into consumption wastes at all. One would accept what the consumer demanded as the real criterion. But consumers are not educated for their own protection against deleterious products, they have not equal purchasing strength in the market and are thus led to buy cheap imitations of the goods held by their economic superiors; adulteration and quackery are rampant; while the modern advertiser has developed a technique of artificial stimulation which would make Cleopatra blush.

Despite the manifest dangers and difficulty of the subject there is a case to be made and waste to be measured in the distinction between worth-while and useless or vicious products. Is the stupendous energy which now goes into the military establishments of the several Christian nations all to be counted as socially necessary and desirable? Does the opium traffic fulfill a manifest destiny? Is all the tumultuous extravagance of the rich—particularly the newly rich—to be set down as useful and wise? Are the worthless patent medicines which the gullible consume; the quacks and the fakers with their sure cures, their messages to the departed, and their double-your-money-in-a-week—all to be classed as catering to human necessity? Despite our desire to let people have whatever their habits have accustomed them to demand, we must with Ruskin run a zone—it cannot be anything as fine as a line—between products and services which seem to be in accord with the good life, and those which do not.

Mr. J. A. Hobson has observed that the art of consumption is distorted in three ways:

> 1. Through the imposition of definitely injurious articles and services.
> 2. Through adulteration and substitution.
> 3. Through the stimulation of some wants and the depression of others not according to true utility but according to more or less profitable character of the several trades supplying these wants.

The Webbs make a similar point when they discuss the technical nicety with which certain products are turned out in the factory as against the thoughtless consumption of the products themselves. Think of the diligent labor which goes into the making of a cocaine needle, an ocean-going private yacht, a gold cigarette case! They conclude that the "aggregate wealth of the nation can be as much augmented by an improvement in consumption as by a mere increase in production." And as the figures accumulate, one suspects that they are right.

Besides the waste which arises because of the making of useless or vicious products, there is also the loss and leakage due to failure in choosing wisely among genuinely good products. This article deals primarily with the former, but a word should be said at least in regard to the latter. Of all cereals eaten in America, oats have the highest composite food value, followed by barley, rye, corn, rice and wheat. Yet the consumption of these cereals follows almost precisely an inverted order! Dr. Carl L. Alsberg has worked out in some detail the diet for America (in animal products and cereals) which would give the maximum of food value with the minimum of effort. An inspection of his tables shows that about one-half the man power now going into the production of these food stuffs could be eliminated if his dietary were adopted, with a distinct gain in nutritive value! Such speculations lie rather beyond the scope of our present inquiry, but one hazards the guess that within the next generation or two they will become of the utmost importance.

The known dead in the Great War numbered 9,998,771, the severely wounded 6,295,512, the otherwise wounded 14,002,039, the prisoners or missing, 5,983,600. A conservative estimate of the latter indicates that at least half the total are dead men, blown into unrecognizable fragments, and so missing. The total dead are thus 12,990,000. Of the wounded, 9,032,000 or 44 percent were ultimately restored to normal; 10,555,000 suffered a permanent reduction in ability; 710,000 were totally disabled for life. The total casualties of all kinds reached 33,288,000.

The influenza epidemic in 1918, due primarily to War causes, killed 10,000,000 people. Famine killed 800,000 in Rumania; 1,000,000 in Serbia and Austria; 2,000,000 in Russia. Of Poland, in 1916, it was said that one-third of a generation, the

* This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Chase. In greatly expanded form, they will appear as part of the material in his book, Work and Waste, to be published by the Macmillan Company, New York, this fall.

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youngest, had ceased to exist. Germany lost 813,000 civilians from War causes. Over 100,000 civilians died on the high seas from mines and submarines.

The cost to the Allied Powers in money was $125,737,000,000, to the Central Powers $60,643,000,000, a total of over $186,000,000,000.

Eight thousand square miles of agricultural land, 1,200,000 acres of forest land, 900,000 buildings, 6,445 schools, 1,200 churches, 377 public buildings, 4,400 factories, railway lines, bridges, power plants and coal mines were laid waste in France. The destruction was repeated in Belgium, Poland and East Prussia. The total property loss is estimated by Bogart at $30,000,000,000. Over 3,000 good ships costing $7,500,000,000, to an aggregate tonnage of 15,398,392 found their last resting place on the bottom of the ocean. The decrease of births under normal during the War, was in England 500,000, in Austria 1,100,000, in Hungary 1,500,000, in France 833,000, in Germany 2,600,000. Meanwhile "enough nitrogen was thrown away in some indecisive battle on the Aisne to save India from a famine."

The present strength of America's army and navy is about 250,000 officers and men. The man power involved in the form of government clerks and munition workers for war outlays of all kinds, probably reaches 500,000. Perhaps 1,000,000 workers contribute to the upkeep of the military establishment today. Meanwhile the methodology of scientific killing advances so rapidly that battleships may be antiquated before leaving the ways.

That armaments should be classified as an economic waste will arouse fierce resentment in those hearts which look upon the army and the navy as the backbone of the national life. For ourselves, with all due respect to the instinct of pugnacity—as yet unisolated—we feel that modern warfare has achieved a technique of mechanical, long range, death and destruction which places it beyond the capacities of civilized peoples—or of any peoples—to endure. If the various proposals for its elimination as now contemplated by the League of Nations, the World Court, the Outlawry of War group—can be made effective, close to 1,000,000 workers in America will return to productive occupations.

Opium has its legitimate medicinal uses. Beyond this, its consumption constitutes one of the most evil blights with which mankind was ever cursed. Drug addicts in New York City alone are variously estimated from 10,000 to 100,000. The United States Public Health Service estimates 150,000 addicts the country over, a figure based only on known and tabulated importations. It is safe to conclude that a very considerable man power, from the poppy farmers of India and China to the "snuff" peddlers in New York, is engaged in this sinister traffic.

The current volume of the trade in patent medicines and other drugs in America is placed at $800,000,000. Of this great trade entailing the labor power, direct and indirect, of probably 400,000 workers, how much shall be written off as illth? There is much which the corner drugstore has to sell that is not illth at all, but very useful wealth. There is much that a functional society would be at pains to distribute even more widely. But with all due allowance for necessary and useful drugs, there still remains an immense area of useless and sometimes vicious production. In this area, patent medicines are the chief offenders. Dr. Paul H. DeKruif has stated that of the 45,000 remedies in the field (1922), not more than fifty are really necessary in the treatment of disease. The definitely curative items upon which the whole fabric is based, do not number more than a dozen.

The British Medical Association, in a publication entitled Secret Remedies made an exhaustive analysis of the principal nostrums. It concluded that the majority were valueless while some were actively harmful. It found a cough mixture costing one-third of a penny to make, selling for 2s 3d; another costing one-thirteenth of a farthing, selling for a shilling. It found an "electric fluid for cancer," and another cancer cure composed of water diluted with impure alcohol. Lately an American anti-fat compound was found to consist of a gelatine pill in which was imbedded the head of a tape worm.

The two great industries of alcohol and tobacco may be said to fall under the head of drugs. In respect to the former, we incline to the view that all economic effort directed to the production of raw spirits—whiskeys, brandies, gins—of over say 10 percent alcoholic content, is probably wasted effort—that mankind loses more than it gains from consumption in these high latitudes.

A very careful survey by the United States Department of Justice in the years 1911 to 1913 revealed nearly 100,000 women in brothels in the country. Woolston estimates the total number of women in the regular army of vice, in and out of brothels, at 200,000. Other writers have estimated as high as 500,000.

The American Social Hygiene Association in 1919 placed the annual cost of supporting prostitution at $628,000,000, as follows:

Paid to prostitutes	$164,000,000
Care of insane due to venereal diseases	51,000,000
Annual economic loss by virtue of insane	97,000,000
Cost of blindness	3,000,000
Detention of prostitutes	3,000,000
Economic loss by venereal infection in general population	310,000,000
Total	$628,000,000

This is obviously little better than a wild guess, but it is useful in showing us the by-product costs of vice—venereal infections, insanity, blindness. Syphilis and gonorrhoea kill 300,000 persons a year. For the twelve months ended June 30, 1921,

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140,748 patients suffering from venereal diseases were treated at public clinics.

A functional society would not abolish sexual irregularities, and could not if it would. Perhaps it could not even abolish formal prostitution. But it could take commercial gain out of vice, and with it would go back to useful labor, an unknown but demonstrably large amount of man power.

Crime, like commercialized vice, represents illth at its worst. The man power of the traffic has been estimated by L. F. Bower as follows:

Prison population	120,000
Criminals at large	200,000
Policeman, watchmen, wardens	200,000
Private guards and watchmen	100,000
Labor engaged in safe making, prison maintenance, auditing, and anti-crime devices	100,000
Total	720,000

It takes rather more man power to watch the criminals, than there are criminals themselves. The total makes quite a dent in the ranks of the gainfully employed. How much of this is waste? Not all, by any means, for while a criminal nature cannot be inherited according to the latest findings in biology, people for generations to come will be born with queer mental kinks which make them liable to kleptomania and running amuck generally. Such people will need guardians—let us hope they will be psychiatrists—and institutions. And no generation will see the end of crimes of passion. The bulk of the present criminal class, so-called, both in and out of jail, are engaged however in raids on property—burglaries, arsons, thefts, hold-ups, frauds, swindles.

Adulteration is one of the most wasteful of all types of illth. Under the present industrial order, quick turnover means quick profit. Maximum profit is, therefore, achieved by a flow of goods with the shortest practicable life. This axiom is always subject to the margin of quality below which repeat orders and resales are put in jeopardy. In other words there is a law of diminishing returns in adulteration which, if one is to remain in business, it is not healthy to transgress. Yet there is the economic interest of the doctor in more sickness, of the dentist in bad teeth, of the architect and builder in wholesale fires, of the accountant in bad bookkeeping, of the cotton maufacturer in short fibres. Fortunately many, particularly in the professions, stand up against the tempter, but it is a never ending struggle, for the tempter never sleeps.

Gambling seems to be an inherent part of human nature. Bets, wagers, games of chance are found in every age and every race. Functional society or no functional society, gambling will go on. Waste seems to appear in this category when gambling is artificially stimulated by organized business methods, i.e. bookmaking, or the Monte Carlo technique; or when gambling in the necessities of life—such as land or wheat—leads to social confusion and loss. We have no concern with the monetary turnover, and we shed no tears for the shorn lambs. We only note that much gambling and speculation falls under the head of illth, and a very considerable array of man power in "joints," in bucket shops, in grain pits, and in real estate offices, is catering to this output.

Economists have claimed that, granting a price system, speculation has a useful effect in steadying prices. Doubtless this is often true but it is a case of burning down the house to get roast pig. Machinery for steadying prices—particularly if it were based on some idea of national requirements—could be carried on with a fraction of the man power which now waits in, about, and upon the stock exchanges and the produce exchanges of the country. Speculation in land, from the public point of view, is usually an unmitigated evil. In rural lands, it is the chief contributing cause to the growth of farm tenantry and the present economic plight of the farmer.

The services of the land speculator are definitely anti-social. His time and energy are given to guessing which way the community is going to grow, and capitalizing land values before the community gets there. If he has an inside tip on a new subway, boulevard, parkway, his chance of profit, and the community's chance of loss, are immensely augmented. Consider what the future residents of Florida must pay for land which is now being hoisted skyward by probably the greatest gambling adventure in the history of the country.

The "make work" theory is probably applied to luxuries more than to any other single field. Paul H. Douglas holds that this fallacy is based on two assumptions: first, that money spent on luxuries would not be spent on anything else, and second, that workmen employed in producing luxuries cannot produce anything else. The curtailment of luxurious expenditure would not necessarily mean throwing men out of work, but merely transferring them from less to more socially desirable occupations.

If one spends $50,000,000 building a pyramid the size of Cheops's for one's last remains, the popular verdict is that one is benefiting the community by providing employment. Suppose, however, that you gained possession of the bulk of the nation's free income, and set the majority of the population to work building, not one, but 500 pyramids. There would be money enough and more in circulation, but there would be nothing to eat, for the simple reason that all the food producers would be hoisting stone. From the standpoint of the functional society, labor devoted to ends which meet no human want is always and forever waste.

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Based on the returns of the Bureau of Internal Revenue for the year ended June 30, 1921, Mr. Roger Babson estimated the total American expenditures for luxury at $13,766,000,000. Meanwhile Professor Bowley, the British statistician, after a careful study of the national income in England for the year 1913, concluded that some 10 percent thereof was "squandered by supermen and superwomen in motor cars, yachts, fine houses, expensive clothes and jewels, fashionable restaurants and the like." Bowley is careful to point out, that if this 10 percent productive power were transferred in toto to the making of necessities, it would but slightly raise the standard of living for the masses of the population.

The Harvard Business Review for July, 1924, carries a special study by Dr. Paul T. Cherington on styles and fashions as they affect the textile industry. Women's fashions, he finds, depend largely upon reports from Paris designers. These reports "are subject to sudden and incalculable change. Many fabrics and garments, intrinsically as good as on the day when they were made, suddenly become obsolete and unsaleable." These incalculable reports introduce a highly speculative and hazardous feature into the whole textile industry, affecting both materials and garment making. The process of producing and distributing textiles takes time. From four to six months are necessary for the economical production and delivery of mill products. As a result a mill aiming to produce style goods in quantity often spends the first half of the period trying to guess the trend of the market and hoping for definite orders, and the last half in feverish overtime work. The same situation holds true, perhaps even more acutely, in garment making. So serious have style changes become in the manufacture of women's shoes that two pairs are now made for women, for every one pair made for men. Shoe manufacturers try to create demand and sales by augmenting style changes. Meanwhile there are slightly more men than women in America, and by and large they use their feet an equivalent amount of time!

Fashions in dress are the outstanding illustrations of waste, but they are by no means the only field covered by style. Nearly every item in the comfort and luxury budget has a greater or less style factor. The furniture industry has recently announced a campaign to convert the American people to an annual change in furniture styles. It is felt that the industry cannot fulfill its manifest destiny without providing us with a new drawing room set at least once a year.

In our judgment a slow swing in fashions represents a true human want. One wearies of sameness in clothes and appurtenances. The "last word" frequently adds a desirable spice to life. The waste of illth does not arise with fashions as such, but only with stimulation which artificially shortens the period of the normal swing. We know such stimulation exists.

Some 8,000,000 workers in America are gainfully employed in what may be termed overhead services. They are not producers, distributors, or transportation workers directly, but fall into a class which renders service to all these fields, as well as certain direct services to the consumer. Here are included professional people—doctors, lawyers, engineers, teachers—government employes, bankers and financial people, and, largest category of all, the personal services of barbers, hotel keepers, restaurant keepers, domestic servants. We have already written off some of this service as waste. There remains for consideration a brief examination of the learned professions themselves, the financial force, and the government man power—in so far as it is not part of the military establishment.

"A professional man," said Huxley, "is one who applies science and education to meeting the wants of man." Of the total number in the learned and lay professions how many are living up to this definition?

Take the law, for instance. How many lawyers are aiding in the administration of a smoothly running procedure of justice, and how many are throwing their influence in the direction of confusion and complications? How many are hunting claims to burden a machinery already loaded down? Competent lawyers in the profession itself have repeatedly pointed out the need for a more organized, direct and a less wasteful administration of justice. And it is not only the man power of the lawyers which may be lost, but that of their clerks, juries, court attendants—endless scriveners and recorders.

The modern business man has surrounded himself with a growing cloud of professional advisers the value of whose services is now and again open to question. Production engineers, cost accountants, efficiency engineers, tax consultants, mercantile agencies, statistical services, commercial research organizations, business builders, advertising agencies, sales advisers, public-relations counsel, labor-relations counsel, industrial detectives—these over and above the time honored run of lawyers, bankers, public accountants, merchandise brokers, engineers, appraisers and investment specialists. Some of these gentlemen make a real contribution to more economical operation, more intelligent information. But, we suspect, even more of them are just so many parasites hanging upon the industrial structure, their only asset a sound psychological knowledge of how to sell themselves.

If government be classed as overhead service note must be taken of the waste of lobbying and political graft. The total of the latter, in America, is set by the Literary Digest at $200,000,000 a year. British railroads were calculated to have

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spent £90,000,000 to 1910, in opposing or aiding bills in Parliament. The sheer waste of man power in manipulating political deals, police protection, special interests, tariff jockeying, to say nothing of the official industrial lobbies at Washington, and in all the state capitols, must run into the tens of thousands.

Insurance as a method of balancing the industrial load—of averaging the lean years with the fat, provides a real public service—particularly in an acquisitive organization of society. The questions at issue are whether the clerical and selling man power engaged in its upkeep is excessive, and how far a functional society would be sufficiently its own insurer to dispense with it altogether. The United States government never takes out fire insurance. Its holdings are so large that it has been found cheaper to rebuild than to pay premiums. Insurance creates nothing, it simply keeps busy a few hundred thousand clerks, actuaries, salesmen, lawyers, printers, making marks in books, and passing pieces of paper from hand to hand. From the "æroplane view," a strange inconsequential picture.

For every dollar of life insurance paid to the beneficiary two dollars are paid in premiums. An exclusive state control of insurance only needs the clerical labor represented by not over 7.5 percent of the premiums collected—while the competitive private company needs 37.5 percent. When the state took over Workmen's Compensation insurance in Queensland, it proceeded to give double the benefits for the same premium.

Like insurance, banking and finance meet a genuine need in modern economic society. Even a functional society would demand some sort of a money and credit mechanism, with man power to run it. One difficulty with current practice recognized by economists, however, is the tendency for bankers to run industries about whose technical problems they know nothing. There have been kings in railroads, steel, tin plate, copper, motor cars who did know a screw thread from a resistance coil. Veblen holds that the pure investment control is bad for industry—bad for plentiful low cost production—in that it always seeks to restrict output to that point where the largest safe return may be made in dividends, rather than where the maximum public service is to be found.

It would be interesting to compare the ratio of the overhead services to the total working population now, as against a generation ago. We suspect that such ratio is definitely on the up grade. As the underlying industrial structure throws off more goods per man employed, the increase, instead of going into more sound goods and a consequent raise in the standard of living seems to release an ever accelerating group of overhead workers whose services to the community at large are filled with dubious items. The measure of dubious items in man power is, of course, quite impossible.

The journey through the field of waste in consumption has necessarily been an incomplete, and at times a confusing one. The main classifications tend to overlap, and figures showing man power are very difficult to come by. For several items we can make no quantitative estimate at all. The following table is offered for what it may be worth:

WASTES IN CONSUMPTION

	Estimated man power	
	Total	*Wasted*
1. The military establishment	at least 1,500,000	1,000,000
2. The opium and cocaine traffic	unknown total	
3. The patent medicine traffic	400,000	200,000
4. Distilled spirits	unknown; at least	100,000
5. Prostitution	250,000	100,000
6. Crime—criminals	320,000	150,000
—watchers of criminals	400,000	200,000
7. Adulteration	unknown total	
8. Speculation and gambling	unknown total	
9. *Quackery*	*unknown total*	
10. Super-luxuries and fashions		6,000,000
11. Commercialized recreation	unknown total	
12. The overhead services	unknown total	
13. Advertising	600,000	250,000
Total minimum wasted		8,000,000

The labor power lost in the narcotic traffic, the adulteration of goods, speculation and gambling, quackery, commercialized recreation, and the perversion of the professions is impossible to estimate—though in the manufacture of adulterated products alone it must run into the hundreds of thousands, if not into the millions. Super-luxuries plus artificially inspired changes in fashions looks large—too large the critic will hold. It is based, however, on the figures of the Secretary of the Treasury, checked by Professor Bowley's careful figures for England. It includes not only the super-luxuries of the rich, but their cheap imitation as well. Advertising will be discussed in my next article, where the total man power, direct and indirect, devoted to the traffic is set at 600,000.

The minimum total for such classes of illth as can be segregated works out to the labor power of 8,000,000 workers. If the unknown classes could be added, the aggregate in our judgment would run above 10,000,000, but it is only an opinion—we have no way of proving it. Is a quarter of the man power of the country devoted to the making and selling of needless and often hurtful things, an unreasonably high figure? We hope enough has been brought out by way of qualitative explanation to convince the reader that it is not.

STUART CHASE.

(Mr. Chase's third article, which deals with the wastes in advertising, will be published next week.)

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On a Certain Condescension

NOT from Brookline but from London comes the incredible story that the stout heart of Amy Lowell was broken by the strictures of the British reviewers on her great life of Keats. It seems likely that this yarn will gain wide credence. The poet and the poet's biographer, herself a poet, both killed by critical unkindness—the parallel is irresistible. Yet whatever resentment she may have felt toward the dilettanti whose languid complaints so often usurp in the English journals the function of critical scholarship, Miss Lowell was too happy a warrior to let them crush her. She was ever a fighter; she had not won through the long contention which preceded the recognition of her own poetry and her poetical creed, without forging armor for her sensitive spirit.

She knew well enough what to expect. She knew, of course, that like the Dreadnaught, the pre-Washington post-Jutland Superdreadnaught, and the Nelson Touch, the two-decker biography was honestly regarded by the insular literati as a peculiarly British institution. There are no perturbations on that island over the appearance of a transatlantic monograph on some obscure and prosy cleric from the less humane of the mediæval centuries. But that America should come forward with two corpulent volumes, offered definitively, on one of the chief glories of English poetry—that was too much. Americans, thought the reviewers, are useful—in their place. They discover, and uncover, and resurrect; they are absurdly willing to snuff whatever emanates from the dusty ossifications of philological provenience. We shall use them as formerly we used the Germans from whom their theory of scholarship is derived; but the cloud-capped towers of our gorgeous palace of literary history we prefer to decorate ourselves.

Academia everywhere in 1925 lags decades if not generations behind the quick-step of events and even the route-step of other institutions. The wind that blows through the rest of the world rustles the arras of the learned halls gently and regretfully, if indeed it penetrates at all. The academic reluctance to march is probably more serious in Great Britain than here, for British universities are successful champions of lost causes which never trouble the foreman of our American factories of pedagoguery.

Politically, England has long accepted America. At Washington, with a gesture magnificent, she admitted the star-spangled navy to an unexampled parity with her own. Her statesmen, Liberal and Tory, fondle us at Pilgrim dinners; and her journalists, Liberal but not Tory (see any number of the Manchester Guardian), display an ingenuity without parallel in the history of the printed word by setting forth in the most favorable of all possible lights our various peccadilloes such as safe-blowing, lynching, corrupting cabinet ministers, abolishing evolution, and shaking hands with royalty. But what the politicians have done the dons will not do. Typical of the British posture toward American scholarship is the reply of the British professor to the question of an American student's tutor, "Do you think Blank will ever make a scholar?" "Oh yes, an *American* scholar."

Partly the British reluctance, for it is reluctance rather than hostility, comes, as Professor Brander Matthews has recently pointed out, from sheer insularity. Any American scholar feels the keenest chagrin if in a book or article he fails to take account of significant work by any British, German, or French colleague. But too frequently the British scholar works on in proud ignorance that his special patch of English literature has also been cultivated across not only the English Channel, but the Atlantic Ocean, not to mention the North Sea.

Some years after the appearance of Professor Thorndike's book on Shakespeare's Theatre, an island scholar produces an inferior volume covering precisely the same ground; he is apparently not dishonest, simply ignorant of Thorndike's existence.

With bland unconsciousness of Auguste Angelier's monumental Burns, an Englishman brings forth a full-dress life, "the measure of which," observes M. Aynard in the Revue Anglo-Americaine, may be taken by the fact that though Angelier's book had been out for several years, the hardy biographer "ne le connait pas, ne le cite pas une fois. L' a-t-il méprisé ou ignoré?"

Within a year or two one of the most eminent professors of literature in England has reiterated a fantastic theory about Shakespeare which he would never have embraced had he read anyone of a couple of dozen German doctoral dissertations dating variously from about 1880 to within a few years, or even a modest article by an American investigator, which appeared several years ago in the leading philological journal of this country and has been included in all the annual bibliographies of English studies for that year.

One of his most obvious duties the American scholar conceives to be the keeping up with periodical literature in his special field. Few British scholars make any serious attempt to do this. And so M. Legouis horrifically flutters the insular dovecotes when his monograph on Spenser indicates the best work on that over-rated bard as appearing in the philological journals of the United States.

British ignorance of American critical activity is so consistent that many a reviewer approaches an American book much as Stuart P. Sherman approaches a volume of contemporary poetry. In both cases there is an elegant curiosity coupled with profound suspicion. Mr. Sherman does not so much

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wonder that the poet is no better as that anyone not dead but yet alive should presume to sing; while the British reviewer is less outraged by the real defects of an American book than by the appalling spectacle of a contribution to British learning couched in an idiom occasionally non-British.

Thus a recent review of an American History of the British People engagingly suggests that "there are few who will not find a curious piquancy in this American observer's comments, and a peculiar quaintness in his picture of the Old World, like the quaintness of a child's drawing." This book is the work of an eminent professor of history in one of the most distinguished institutions of this country. The author, himself an Englishman by birth, approaches his subject with a general cultural equipment conspicuously broader than that of the average professional historian. The wide adoption of his book in American colleges makes the criticism of this reviewer an insult to the intelligence of teachers of history all over America.

Characteristic of the tone of another regular reviewer of American contributions is the branding as "interesting to an English reader" of those hideous Americanisms, "to *leaf through* the volume" and "dates and events do not exactly *jibe*." This curt remonstrance is not excerpted from Punch, but from a professedly sober periodical devoted to the more arid purlieus of philology.

During the War Mr. Galsworthy thought it worth while to write an essay apologizing for a certain British officer's "Really!" in response to an American officer's casual bromide that Uncle Sam and John Bull were joining hands to "clean up Brother Boche." Mr. Galsworthy saw the friendship of nations endangered by such needless insolence. Since the Armistice the military guilds of both countries have learned mutual courtesy. The pedants still trail. We ought, perhaps, to thank them for their linguistic conservatism, for nothing is despicable that helps to dam the flood of American journalese now depraving the great London newspapers and subtly levelling the native idiom out of the French and Italian printed in the dailies of Paris and Rome. Surely some of the light from the new torch on Bush House emanates from the purity of the common language. To be insulted gratuitously is a slight martyrdom for Americans who value good English and know that its future depends upon friendly correspondence among the old Empire, its young colonies, and the adolescent Republic.

But it is only the stupid who perpetrate wanton insults, and stupidity is the last thing the wise gods excuse. No amount of critical liberality will ever clear Gifford's name of the odium he incurred by damning Keats. It is just possible that some contemporary reviewers have earned an immortality of disgrace by the insularity that sneered at one of Keats's best biographers, and barbed the insult with a jibe at the artistic English in which she wrote.

A nationalistic obsession is a poor substitute for critical acumen. The New Statesman is one of the few journals in England which avoid that maudlin monotone, and can balance a just review beginning with the remark that a certain American professor "has the mind of a child" by another frankly recognizing an American publication as brilliant and definitive. Severity and habitual suspicion are the last qualities that Americans would take away from British reviewers. We know only too well that for every university with the standards of Aberystwyth and Durham in Great Britain there are fifty in this country, and that for every dull and lazy impostor in scholarship and letters in England there are a score in America.

The insularity of British critics is, after all, nothing very serious in the eyes of the laughing person in the heavens. It did not prevent Whitman from being better known in England than in America. It has never been an obstacle to British appreciation of democratic dogma in Emerson, Lincoln, Whitman, Twain, and Lindsay. As has been suggested, it is capable of starting real conflagrations only in the more arid purlieus of philology. There it has become a public nuisance.

Not yet are the remedies in sight, though the Modern Humanities Research Association, a British organization which is scrupulously eschewing insularity, is doing yeoman's service with its annual bibliographies. British hospitality to American students has done little, for the records of the few really able Rhodes scholars have been cancelled by the ineptitude of the majority, who, as one tutor put it, "never, in the course of their three years at Oxford, discover what their motives were or ought to have been in coming there."

Perhaps the cure may result from American hospitality to British savants. Several of the most distinguished are now teaching at various summer sessions in this country; three are to lecture at Harvard during the ensuing year. The greatest of living English lexicographers will be at Chicago, and one of the best known of the Scottish professors is soon to visit the University of California. These men will encounter much that grieves all the judicious. But they will find better working libraries than any in England except the British Museum and the Bodleian. They may find their best American colleagues better acquainted with continental ideas than they are themselves. And they will find that greatest of all inducements of mutual respect, real appreciation of their own scholarly contributions.

These British guests of the present and near future are not insular in spirit; but if they were, their insularity would inevitably melt. The question soon to be answered is this: Will British academic and literary insularity be aggravated or cured when, as is bound to happen, considerable numbers of second-and third-rate teachers of literature from overseas make the acquaintance of our second- and third-rate American colleges and universities?

MERRIT Y. HUGHES and HAZELTON SPENCER.

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Washington Notes

ONE of the strange things about daily newspapers in this country is the curious way in which they will pass over in comparative calm incidents which to a detached mind would seem sufficiently vital to justify any amount of excitement. Then they get up on their hind legs and roar over some trivial and insignificant occurrence which does not affect them in the least.

A short time ago George Seldes, correspondent in Rome for the Chicago Tribune, was ordered out of Italy because in his dispatches he presented the views of Mr. Mussolini's political opponents. In other words, he was banished because he presented both sides of the situation and did not constitute himself a government propagandist. All but two of Seldes's colleagues protested, the two who refused being the Associated Press correspondent and the New York Times correspondent, both of whom it appears are Italian subjects.

The Seldes incident is merely one more open illustration of a condition perfectly well known here in the State Department at Washington and just as well known by every American Ambassador who has served for any length of time in either Paris or Rome. That it is not equally well known in the great newspaper offices which maintain bureaus in these capitals is hard to believe.

The plain fact is that it is not possible for an American correspondent in France or Italy to write anything like as fully and frankly about political conditions in those countries as he could about conditions in this country if he were here. Or as frankly as an Italian or Frenchman could write here. Some of the Paris and Rome correspondents start out that way but they do not keep it up. Critical articles presenting the bald facts soon involve them in trouble. Their official news sources dry up. They receive polite, indirect, but none the less pointed intimations that the government is displeased with the tone of their dispatches. Little inconvenient and annoying things happen to them. Unnecessary delays occur in the transmission of their cables.

Most of them adapt themselves to the situation very quickly and are content to reflect the official government view on political matters without scraping too much of the camouflage off. They would not do that at home but if they are to live over there happily and not in constant hot water it is the only thing they can do. Any frank newspaperman who has worked in Paris or Rome for more than a year will tell you so privately, whatever he may say publicly.

Not long ago one of the very best among the Paris correspondents, home on a vacation and talking on this subject, said to me: "What's the use? It isn't worth while to buck those fellows. The only result if you stand up and fight is to hurt yourself. Not only will no one fight with you but your own paper won't stand back of you. They want a man in Paris who can get along with the French. The only way to get along with the French is not to be too frank about them. So I ain't."

The whole point of all this is that except from England the political news that comes from the foreign capitals to this country and is printed in the American newspapers is not the real stuff. It isn't untrue but it is consistently soft pedalled and when a fellow like Seldes stops soft pedalling and starts sending the unvarnished facts he is kicked out. And when that happens to one newspaperman, instead of making a joint howl about it of a kind to insure against repetition and give American correspondents the sort of support that would fill them with courage and confidence, the newspapers not directly concerned evince no interest whatever in what happens to their competitor's correspondent. His difficulties, whether they result in his having to leave the country or a compromise by which he stays with the understanding that in future he will be "good," serve only as a lesson to his colleagues.

Perhaps it is one way of promoting international good will to have the correspondents of American papers abroad consistently friendly to the existing government of the country in which they are located; but imagine what a scream would go up if the government at Washington should order a London or Paris correspondent in that city to leave the country because of his critical attitude!

The stories from Swampscott continue to flow in a steady daily stream. One day we are told that Mr. Coolidge is preparing to call a disarmament conference just as soon as conditions in Europe have sufficiently stabilized and the European nations are in the proper frame of mind to welcome an invitation from Washington. This, when you think it over, is a promise slightly tinged with vagueness. Another day the President is represented as about to deal with the coal controversy between mine workers and mine owners with a "firm" hand. It is said that he is carefully watching the situation and is ready for "vigorous" action at the proper time. It is even intimated that he may call an extra session of Congress to deal with the matter. One careless correspondent however in an unguarded moment wrote that in this matter Mr. Coolidge is really relying on Mr. Hoover and will do what Mr. Hoover tells him to do, if anything. That is somewhat closer to the truth than the "firm hand" and "vigorous action" statements. Then there are the stories that the President takes issue with Senators Norris and Borah who want to abolish the Federal Trade Commission on the ground that as at present constituted it has become an absurd and useless body. Mr. Coolidge is declared to regard the Commission as the "business policeman" and to be convinced that the people believe in it and want it continued for their protection. This Presidential view, when you consider that it is presented with customary solemnity, is not without its humorous aspect.

All in all the "corps of correspondents" at Swampscott has been working hard and under difficult conditions, trying to produce enough copy to justify their salaries and expense accounts and satisfy their respective Managing Editors. Sometimes they have been so hard put to it that they have to devote a half column to writing about the disposition of a dog and the number of trees on the lawn but on the whole they have been able to attribute deep thought to Mr. Coolidge upon many weighty subjects. In any event they have more to write about than their little band of brothers left here. Every time I pick up a morning paper I feel sorry for the latter. With the White House deserted, hardly a Cabinet officer left in town and the Departments stripped down to the nines they have nowhere to turn for inspiration. If the timidest news item peeps out of the smallest hole they leap on it like wolves. Any Senator or Congressman, no matter how obscure, or to which party he adheres, who comes to town can get his views on any subject at all into every newspaper in the land. All he has to do is show up. Soon, however, it will be over. In another month—maybe before—the President will be back

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in Washington and the leaders great and small will come trooping in.

There may even be an extra session called in October. I am inclined to think there will be. The pressure of the business interests to get the tax cut started has already commenced and the sensible thing would be to get things started. Anyhow there will be plenty of news in Washington before long. Then the correspondents will brace up once more, and look with scorn upon the "hand outs" they now grab so eagerly. T. R. B.

Washington.

Nietzsche After an Interval

THE ten years since I last read any work of Friedrich Nietzsche have acted as a filter in my mind, a process dangerous to some moralists—Emerson, for example—but necessary and beneficent in Nietzsche's case. He is often enough his own corrective agent, but most of his work is a rich wine full of extraneous particles; the newspaper headline matter and the choas of Eastern symbolism both need to be precipitated by the chemical action of time. And then how clear and sparkling, how warm and fruity, the wine is!

I was "much too young" when I began to read Nietzsche, and perhaps stopped too soon, but I have no feeling now that my enthusiasm at fourteen was altogether callow. I must have admired "the wrong things" and understood only part, but the general impression I still have is that Nietzsche is worth understanding and is essentially admirable. The superman and the aristocrats, the tiger in the jungle—they are as entertaining ideals for adolescents as Ivanhoe and Steerforth, and the adjustment of maturity is as fatal to one set as to the other. But I think that even at fourteen one feels that Nietzsche is on the side of those who wish us to have life more abundantly, that he is in the great sense affirmative, giving, and liberating.

The pathetic, punctilious German professor was in sympathy with the years to come; if he was wrong about a thousand things, he was right about one great thing—he wanted a certain noble beauty and refused to believe that it is beyond our reach. It is held against him that he wanted it only for a few; but for him the many corrupted beauty by their own ignobility. The Puritan, always at war with the Mediterranean in him, was fearful of contamination—a Brahms score was set on Wagner's piano, and when the Master acted childishly, Nietzsche was moved to tears and to the cry, "Wagner has not been great!" No wonder the herd was always vulgar and forbidden to enter his sanctuaries. In our sense he was no lover of humanity, because he loved, more than most, what humanity might be. Yet he always remembered that for health one must return to the common life, to "the facts of the common man," and envied the Greeks who soared to every intellectual height, looked down every spiritual chasm, yet were, generation by generation, restored by their mothers to contact with the earth.

The equilibrium of opposing forces is always delicate in Nietzsche, and the free play of his mind, entertaining every plausible idea, makes it possible for a reader to find in him exactly what he is looking for. A commentator (I think it is J. M. Kennedy) has noted that the aphorisms and essays vary in specific gravity; a sense of style, a feeling for the way Nietzsche thought, is an indispensable guide. "Thou goest to the woman, forget not thy whip" might have been written by Ambrose Bierce, and Nietzsche is full of such trivialities. In the muddiness of Thus Spake Zarathustra there are a hundred rank growths. But when he is austere, serene, launching "the slow arrow of beauty," you may trust your instinct that he is saying his final word.

The title of Beyond Good and Evil has passed into the idiom of many tongues, but the central ideas of that masterpiece have not altered the grotesque lines of the usual portrait of Nietzsche. It has, as I recall it, two essential points—first the opposition between Good: Evil and Good: Bad, the substitution of realistic for revealed morality; and, second, the clearest statement of his ideas of order. The disastrous phrase about the blond beast occurs in this volume, probably; but no one reading the long central essays (number 188 and following) can misunderstand Nietzsche's intentions. The great thing, for individuals as for nations, is to submit themselves to discipline—even any discipline, if it be binding and of long duration. Only by doing so is power developed and mastery, in art as in life. "In der Beschränkung zeigt sich erst der Meister." This was "not soft gospel," and even the ecstasy Nietzsche promised, the ecstasy of the artist when he accepts every internal law of his work and feels the true freedom of creating, is not of the sort to appeal universally. It is a long way from the praise of unbridled passion, of cruelty and wildness, which is usually the only issue of reading Nietzsche casually. He did not always damn braces and bless relaxes; when he said "Be hard" he did not always mean to be hard on others. He said that happiness was the feeling that power increases, but it was not only power over others that he meant. Everything in him turns inward, and is to be tested there, before it applies externally.

Understand him even a little and you are aware of a progress and a growth, as you are aware of the unchanging core of Nietzsche himself. From the beginning he saw existence as a playground of equal, antithetical forces,* Dionysos and Apollo, and although he is adored by the ignorant as the prophet of the one, he never abandoned the other—the calm, balanced mastery of the Apollonian. At the end of his life the inevitable opposites were Zarathustra and Christ, but there his choice was more between Zarathustra and Christianity. For him Zarathustra was the prophet who first saw the creation of energy, the beginning of life, in the interplay of good and evil. The field of possible activity he left to men was wider than that of Christ; the wide field, the intense cultivation both appealed to Nietzsche. But he understood renunciation, which is powerful: what he hated in Christianity was weakness and negation.

"It is only as an æsthetic spectacle that life can justify itself," he said, with no categorial "must justify itself" in the statement. To a philosopher who wanted the morally evil, the hard and the cruel, to persist, because without them man became timid and unbalanced, there could be no "moral" justification of the universe. He wanted an existence in which those with the strongest minds and the strongest nerves could suffer the bitterness and disasters of a world morally unjustifiable, and be sufficiently pleased with it æsthetically. There, too, was an antithesis in which he gloried. He was himself a severe moralist; he invited good Europeans to do intellectual barrack-square drill, so that the superman might come; but whenever he looked at

* The psychic life is the arena of the struggles and exercises of antagonistic tendencies . . . it consists of contradictions and paired antagonisms.—Sigmund Freud.

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actual things, he was certain that a moral system could not be imposed upon life, and that its meaning must be sought elsewhere.

He wanted to comprehend life fully and would not reject anything powerful, even if it was ugly, as one does not reject Hogarth because he is ugly. He is tremendously bracing because he calls for endless endurance and gives meaning to hardship; he found a way to say yes both to energy and to the restraint of energy; he summed up in his wilder moods all the excesses of the romantic view of life, and in his thoughtful moods discredited them. The psychoanalysts and the followers of Taine will have their belittling way with him; even his own disciples will help to bring him into disrepute, and it will always be remembered that he went mad and that he was the underlying cause of the War. But I fancy he will survive. There will be no society of Samurai, and of the hundreds of thousands of ignoble men who will still be sacrificed, few will be slaughtered for a noble end. We will go on suffering the tyranny of fools and call it freedom, and will occupy ourselves forever with small things and call it life. But those whom his spirit touches will be just as certainly and as finally freed of some ugly superstitions, will examine men and ideas more clairvoyantly, and will ask—perhaps they will even get—a little more of life. It is not likely that he will ever be a redeemer; he saved himself a little too much; nor is he in any technical sense a prophet, for the future he counted on is a little more radiant, at least, than any we are likely to see. But he was generous; he was on the side of greatness; and unless another order of greatness supervenes, I do not think the great will entirely forget him.

GILBERT SELDES.

Prelude Pastoral

We leant upon the bended hill,
  Where turf is a sheer drop from heaven,
  Each to each earth and sky were given,
And all the pointed grass was still,
  And drank the light till light brimmed even.

A honey milk its roots distil,
  The suckling apples topple down;
  Not waste, but wizard boughs, so soon
Cast fruitage little, wry and chill,
  For feasters by the dainty moon.

And dust to no gross thing gives room,
  But only for the piercing grass,
  The slender-stemmed, the violets, pass,
The crispèd curly clover-bloom,
  And all is tiny flowers and grass.

We were too still to track the spring,
  But pressed our ears upon a sound
  Of waters quickening underground;
And if a lark shook out his wing,
  That shadow on your cheek I found.

The morning like a rose began,
  Rosy and drowsy grows the day:
  Its peace will fold the heart away,
Whose thoughts like lambs in pastures ran
  Within a bell's call all the day.

LÉONIE ADAMS.

The Architecture of Escape

FOR a hundred years a large body of people have been trying to escape the age in which they live. The leaders in this flight are precisely those who have extracted profit from steel mills and grain elevators and railroads and urban land: they build Florentine palaces; they enshrine themselves in Tudor country houses; in the earlier, cruder days they even went as far afield as P. T. Barnum, and strutted behind "Moorish" or "Iranian" façades. The common mark of this architecture is that the treasure lies in one age, and the heart in another. Up to the capacity of our tastes and incomes, the rest of us have followed in the footsteps of our financial overlords; for whenever we can break loose from our anonymous cubicles, our standardized offices, our undifferentiated streets, we abandon ourselves to Pure Romance. Mr. Van Wyck Brooks's distinction between our highbrows and lowbrows applies peculiarly in architecture: on one hand untutored acres of plate glass, and concrete, and brittle silly ornament; on the other, a thousand efforts at architectural anæsthesia—"anywhere, anywhere, out of the world."

The malady of the unreal is a deep one in Western civilization; our age is not the first that has tried, in the thick of one material culture, to frame an environment in harmony with another type. In the midst of the stiff formalities of Versailles, Marie Antoinette built an "English village," so that the ladies and gentlemen of the court might have the illusion of returning to nature and leading the simple life; but in our time this homesickness for nature is coupled with a number of other ailments: the desire to recapture the past, the desire to create more permanent homes than our metropolitan rent-warrens; and, finally, the desire to cut loose from an environment in which the day is announced by the alarm clock, instead of the birds, and finished by the blare of the radio, instead of by the crickets and the katydids.

Who has not felt a touch of these maladies? Who has not been tempted to turn off the radiator, if he might warm his hands at an open fire? Who has not tried to fancy what life might be if he could tarry a while in Chipping Camden or Bybury and never again have to be pummeled in a subway crush or forced to pass through the dingy basement of a great city? Mr. Arthur I. Meigs, in his description of an American Country House, only echoes the reflections of every sensitive person when he asks: "Are we, the 'heir of all the ages,' we, the epoch that has gained control of the forces of nature to a point beyond the farthest dreams of our ancestors, to confess ourselves drawn into the abyss of our mechanical inventions, smothered with our own progress?"

The question is an honest one, and sooner or later we will have the courage to answer it. At present we glibly swallow all our mechanical contraptions because they are associated in our minds with progress and profits: we have a conditioned reaction, as the psychologist would say, to coal-dust and gasoline-vapor and grinding machinery and the stale hours spent in the transportation of the human body, and we console ourselves with the notion that it is a cheap price to pay for scientific knowledge and a low death rate. But if we glory in the process, we do not like the product: one has only to observe the behavior of those who have the financial opportunity to leave our steely sky-scapes to see how shabby and unreal many of the "blessings of civilization" are. Our country houses and our suburban cottages are almost universally built on the principle of keeping our

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working and our living in two different compartments. Not being able to humanize "business," we become gods when we get outside its domain: with a little architectural hocus-pocus we transport ourselves to another age, another climate, another social régime, and best of all, to another system of æsthetics!

The justness of the romantic impulse to make over our environment, and the futility of the romantic solution have both been sharpened in my mind by contemplating the Newbold house, at Laverock, Pa., vividly described and illustrated by Mr. Meigs in the book I have referred to. Originally, the Newbold house was an angular colonial box, standing bleakly in the midst of a meadow. To soften the bare relationship of house and land, the owner decided to keep sheep. Here the architect stepped in. Sheep recalled to Mr. Meigs the juicy memories of French manoirs and farmsteads, so the sheepfold led to a pigeon tower, to a goosepond, to a potager; and presently the house lost its prim self-sufficiency. The roofs steepened in pitch; gates hemmed the road through the farmyard; tall chimneys and conical towers nosed against the sky; the house itself began to flow and ramble, enclosing unexpected terraces and opening here and there a reflective eye upon pools of water: within, the craftsmanship of Yellin, the iron-worker, and Dubs, the cabinet-maker, brought back the sturdy designs of the high old days.

Here is romanticism with a vengeance; yet the Newbold house differs from Mrs. Jones's Cotswold cottage, from Mr. Robinson's Spanish villa at Coral Gables by its stricter logic and its more complete success. That this French manoir is preferable to the gaunt Colonial cottage no one will doubt; that a pseudo-farmhouse with cattle is more amusing than a pseudo-farmhouse without cattle no one will doubt either. But when mediæval art was really alive the blacksmith's shop and the draper's store were of the same quality as the manorial hall itself; whereas neither Mr. Meigs nor Mr. Newbold seriously proposes to extend the benefits of these archaic patterns to the village filling-station or the village shop. Does the design of the Newbold house indicate a new road or a blind alley? Assuredly, a blind alley, and we have been butting our heads against its terminus for more than a century.

The critical weakness of the romantic architect is that he is employed in creating an environment into which people may escape from a sordid workaday world, whereas the real problem of architecture is to remake the workaday world so that people will not wish to escape from it! Mr. Arthur J. Penty has suggested that the best architecture today must be prophetic; that it must hint at what we should like to build if we were not committed by the machine-process to building houses that will shortly have to be renewed or torn down; if we were not forced by the present conventions in the use of land and credit to construct redeemable, transferable, and salable units! Many of our more intelligent architects are in sympathy with this view: the Committee on Community Planning of the American Institute of Architects points out in a recent report that architecture, in any full sense of the word, awaits the planning and building of complete communities, as in the garden-city, and that for the present the only place where similar conditions prevail is in the country estates of the rich.

Alas! that the architect makes such an illiberal use of his freedom, when the opportunity does present itself! In the greater part of our country homes the motif is retrospective rather than prophetic: archaic conceptions of life, archaic services, archaic designs and ornaments dominate every wall and room. The pattern of the Newbold house, the pattern of the great mass of our fine houses, is literally of no use to the rest of the community. Our problem is to achieve beauty and a humane life without throwing over the economies that science and technology and a democratic technique of living have brought; and in the long run there is more hope for beauty and humanity in the barest bit of jerrybuilding that the Bronx can show than there is in our consciously æsthetic houses. Our lowbrow designs are capable of being developed, but what can we do with our highbrow architecture except throw it over? It is useless to confront a brutal present with a futile and inapplicable past.

Yet architects like Mr. Meigs are needed to offset those hard-boiled practitioners who will produce any infamy that the market demands. Mr. Meigs understands the architectural use of trees, open spaces, and simple human needs: his skill and sympathy and tact are precisely what we need to soften the brash edges of the machine-process, to make over our idiotic city plans, to cut down our annual sacrifice of land and money to the Road-gods, and to employ the surplus diverted from our ritualistic use of machinery for the purpose of creating parks, gardens, fine public rooms, playgrounds, and libraries. Mr. Meigs's imagination, Mr. Meigs's values, are fine and efficacious; but they must be applied to real problems, and not to such grand evasions as an American Country House. The architecture of escape still leaves most of us in the lurch, and there will be precious little hope for either ourselves or our architects until we set out to design communities which will be good enough to eat and work and sleep and play in. In the meanwhile, we can only ask the architect to design his individual buildings, as far as interest rates, taxes, building regulations, zoning ordinances, and capricious clients will permit him, as if they were the products of this better relationship. He will not altogether succeed; but he may point the way.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

CORRESPONDENCE

Crime and Mental Disease

SIR: The subject of crime and criminology is so much in the public mind that a belated reference to your recent comment on the work of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene in this field may not be out of place. Your statement, it seems to me, misses the point in one or two respects. In the first place your opening sentence gives the erroneous impression that all of the ten thousand prisoners examined by the Committee were declared to be mentally diseased, feeble-minded, or otherwise mentally abnormal. In Dr. Frankwood Williams's previous communication to the press, upon which I assume you base your statements, he said that of the number studied in the various prisons, reformatories and other penal and correctional institutions, approximately two-thirds presented psychopathological conditions that had much to do with their criminality.

In the second place, by quoting Doctor Williams as saying "it [society] must learn to 'prescribe adequate rehabilitative measures,'" you characterize as a conclusion what he referred to as a postulate in the National Committee's recommendations. The conclusion, the core of the situation, he pointed out, was the imperative importance of taking into account the mental, emotional and personality factors of the offender, if we are to arrive at a true understanding of the problem. And it has not been a "relatively easy matter to come to such a conclusion." It involved years of patient investigation and the expenditure of considerable money and effort in a searching, painstaking inquiry into the make-up of the human material identified with crime, criminality and delinquency. Nor is it a matter of statistics so much as one of deep concern with the underlying causes of criminal conduct.

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The Committee does not by any means ignore the economic factors that may contribute to the setting in which crime seems to flourish today, although it might justifiably challenge the supreme importance you attach to them in your strictures on the mental-hygiene point of view. It might point to the Loeb-Leopold case and many others in which poverty played no rôle. It might bring to your attention certain conclusions against the economic point of view on this subject, published only a short time ago, of a study of delinquents conducted by Dr. Leizer Grimberg at the New York Neurological Institute. But we are dealing with all the factors of the situation, not just the economic, or the legal, or for that matter the sociological factors. We are interested in the factors inherent in the individual, as well as those of his environment.

Since studying the findings of our most recent inquiry (that involving a group of 1,288 prisoners in thirty-four county jails in New York State, a report of which is now on the press), we have been more than ever impressed with the futility of present-day socio-legal procedures and the vital character of medico-psychological considerations in the treatment of the problem of recidivism. A staff of twenty investigators—all competent psychiatrists, psychologists and social workers—working independently, found in this study that the more numerous the arrests, the greater was the amount of mental deviation from normal among the offenders. It ran from 74 percent for those arrested twice to 90 percent for those arrested four or more times. A further striking correlation was that found between the physical and the mental deficiencies: 72 percent of the so-called "normal" group appeared to be in good physical condition, while only 28 percent of the group showing mental disease were free of physical disorders. The Committee does not infer that the crimes of these prisoners were due to mental or physical disease—the problem is not so simple as that—but does emphasize the great importance of these conditions as factors in causing criminal conduct and urges a medical, as well as the legal, approach to the problem.

In the report of this study the Committee makes the following observations:

> In so far as the prisoners in this study are concerned—and it is believed they are representative of county-jail populations generally—the problem of delinquency is a problem of recidivism, and recidivism is a problem of psychopathology. It is clear that in the main one is not dealing with a group of "normal" individuals, but with a group least likely to profit either by modes of punishment or well-intentioned, but largely misapplied efforts at "reformation." An examination of the details recorded in the report makes clear likewise that the problem is far from a simple one, and that it has no easy solution. Had one to consider only the smaller group, the 23 percent classified as "normal," much might be expected from the various methods of solution that are from time to time suggested; but when one considers the larger group, the 77 percent that could not be classified as "normal," notes the diverse types of psychopathology represented here, and realizes that these diverse groups cannot be treated successfully alike—that each represents special problems peculiar to itself—the complex nature of the problem is revealed, and one is not impressed either by the call of judges for longer sentences and severer punishment or the plea of others for greater leniency, kindliness, and good-will, as such.
>
> Severe punishment, probation, the indeterminate sentence (as now provided), parole, occupational training, all assume that the average prisoner is a "normal" individual who may profit either by punishment or by the opportunities given him to "reform." An examination of the prisoners does not warrant such an assumption. Valuable as some of these agencies might be, no one of them, nor any combination of them as at present administered, can hope for success. The crux of the situation is ignored and recidivism is the result.

The means which you say it remains for the National Committee for Mental Hygiene to recommend for putting preventive and rehabilitative measures into effect are definitely presented in this report. In a carefully thought-out series of recommendations it suggests the prescription and how it can be filled. What is paramount in all these considerations is the right understanding of the nature of the personality back of the criminal behavior in a given case. The Committee believes that the psychiatric clinic—the chief ingredient of the prescription—is the best practical mechanism yet devised to secure this understanding. Next in importance is coöperation with the clinic on the part of the various units in the correctional system of the state on the one hand, and the official and unofficial community agencies on the other, in a unified plan of treatment and control: medical, legal, welfare, religious and educational. No one social institution can do it alone. There must be a well-organized and coördinated effort to supply the fundamental needs of the prisoner in every aspect of his readjustment to normal community life.

The problem of the recidivist is a real problem with an immediacy that warrants much thought, social and professional planning, and the putting of well-considered plans at once into effect. It would be well to bear in mind, however, the further fact that the recidivist is the product of yesterday; delinquents are in the process of making every day. Many of these individuals entered upon life seriously handicapped; and the treatment they received from home, school, church, and court has increased this handicap to an almost impossible degree. If the same degree of expert handling recommended here for prisoners in our penal and correctional institutions were applied in schools, social agencies, and juvenile courts during the years in which problem children are forming those mental habits, traits and emotional reactions which gradually become fixed in a psychopathic type of personality, considerably less burden would be placed upon these institutions. Potential social ability still remains in these adult offenders but it can be developed only through the application of the greatest skill. Those who would venture upon this problem should bear this fact well in mind. It is no field for the amateur.

PAUL O. KOMORA,
Educational Assistant, The National Committee for Mental Hygiene.

New York, N. Y.

A Scopes Scholarship Fund

SIR: The scientists who were ready to testify in behalf of Mr. Scopes, recently convicted under the anti-evolution law of Tennessee, are sponsoring the raising of a scholarship fund which will enable Mr. Scopes to continue his scientific training as soon as possible.

It is Mr. Scopes's desire to undertake graduate work in some branch of natural science. At present, however, he is without a teaching position or other means of obtaining the necessary money. Although he has been offered numerous lucrative lecture and stage engagements which would net him many thousands of dollars, he has refused them, wishing to avoid even the appearance of self-exploitation. Impressed with Mr. Scopes's intellectual qualities and modesty, and believing that he is entitled to some substantial recognition for the trying experiences that he has undergone in the service of science, and of liberty of thought and speech generally, the scientists who were associated with the defense have organized a committee to raise a scholarship fund of $5,000 to enable Mr. Scopes to undertake graduate work at an institution of higher learning of his own choosing during the next few years. The writer, whose address is c/o Science Service, B and Twenty-first Streets, Washington, is treasurer.

WATSON DAVIS.

Washington, D. C.

Evolution vs. Purpose

SIR: In the comedy of ignorance recently in progress at Dayton, Tennessee, some of the scientific advisers in the case have appeared to be getting themselves into very deep water when they assert as Prof. Henry H. Lane does in Science for July 17, that there is no conflict between the evolutionary doctrine and true religion.

Evolution made to conform to religion means the addition of purpose. The law of the survival of the fittest becomes the law of the destruction of those who were made unfit on purpose to be destroyed.

Only by reconciling this law as just stated with the teaching of Christ can Professor Lane justify his position.

Judged by our standards as expressed in our moral and civil laws, it is difficult to imagine anything more terrible than the laws of nature with purpose read into them.

A purposeful world becomes a world filled with blind traps which we are able to discover only through disastrous experiences and which eventually get all of us.

Inequality of opportunity, of intelligence, of beauty and of health, the punishment of the innocent, and the destruction of the weak, are but a few of the laws of nature which by the addition of purpose become either ridiculous or sinister.

JAMES F. PORTER.

Dark Harbor, Me.

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The Tale of Genji

The tale of Genji, by Lady Murasaki. Translated from the Japanese by Arthur Waley. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

ABOUT nine hundred years ago, Murasaki Shikibu became lady-in-waiting to the Empress Akiko, because of her knowledge of Chinese, which the Empress was eager to learn. While at court she wrote the Tale of Genji, in some fifty-odd chapters (only the first nine of which appear in this volume), and the novel was apparently thought well of by the Emperor. And that is about all we know of this novelist, so ancient, so very modern, and of her novel, which Mr. Waley thinks not only "by far the greatest novel of the East," but "one, which, even if compared with the fiction of Europe, takes its place as one of the dozen greatest masterpieces of the world." On the strength of this first volume—we hear five more are yet to come—we feel very much like agreeing with him, but we wonder if he has not helped to bridge the gap between the near-great and the great by one of the most charming translations ever made from any language into English.

Prince Genji was the Emperor's illegitimate son, and his favorite. He was beautiful, young, gifted beyond belief, he could write the most delicate and difficult Chinese poems, when he danced tears came to the eyes of all who beheld him, and he was allowed to do almost anything he pleased. Occasionally we find him attending state functions where some unmentioned, and possibly important business was being transacted, but most of the time he lived in freedom and idleness, spending the bright currency of his jeunesse dorée. "At his age it was inevitable that he should cause a certain amount of suffering." Many were the ladies who caught his fancy, and few resisted him. There seem to have been no gaps between these ladies, and often he was in love with, or paying court to two or three at the same time. Genji sought, as have so many great lovers since, the only and perfect one, the final conclusive dream. Now and then he thought he had found her, only to see her slip from him, into inexplicable coldness, as in the case of his first wife, Aoi, or into equally inexplicable death, as with Yugao.

But the story of Genji, which in later hands, using the bare skeleton of the same incidents, might strike one as not much more than long and complicated intrigue, becomes, through the skill of this mediæval chronicler, something far superior to intrigue, something, indeed, not like any other love story in the world. Lady Murasaki had a happy forgetfulness of the details and consistencies of time, place, event, which lend her story the lightness and the poignancy of a dream. The framework of what happens seems so unimportant, so little insisted upon by comparison with the changing colors and the half-seen faces which flit in and out and airily fix themselves in our memory, there to grow and haunt us. We have to turn to the dramatis personæ in the front of the book, and pay close attention to Mr. Waley's useful footnotes, in order to be sure of where we are and of what has already happened. But this vagueness is general, and does not rob her characters or her incidents of the little touches which make every incident and most of the important characters wonderfully distinct, like bright faces floating on a cloud. An unconscious artist perhaps—or one of the most conscious, it is impossible to tell which—Lady Murasaki tells her story and makes it real with almost no use of the furniture of detail, or any of the most convenient raw materials of realism. She barely describes a house, she hardly mentions food, she refrains from detailed accounts of externals such as clothing—

> A complete description of people's costumes is apt to be tedious, but as in stories the first thing that is said about the characters is invariably *what they wore,* I shall once in a way attempt such a description. Over a terribly faded bodice of imperial purple . . .

She describes people, to be sure, but it is not this physical accuracy which makes her characters live. They live through what they say and do, and through what they feel, and by what effect others have on them, and they on others. Some of her characters she never quite focuses, perhaps intentionally, leaving them to move, remotely, tenderly, just behind a light haze of emotion, or not quite sharply seen in the most discreet, the most revealing of moonlights. Others she suffers to appear in the full light of day. Of these, little Murasaki, age ten or twelve, is by far the best, and one of the most touching, living characters in any fiction. She is made captive by her creator, watched over and listened to, but forever free, unapproachable, inscrutable and altogether heartbreaking in her shy young loveliness. No short passage could be quoted to make her live but for a reader of her whole story, she comes to life slowly, in half-phrases, in words unsaid, in overtones remembered from the last page.

All these characters move against a background of the country, against a landscape which is indissolubly bound to them by a magic dome of words. One thinks of Japanese paintings, the economical grace of the best of them, but Lady Murasaki's writing is something more. Instead of the mute faces, the arrested landscape, the outlines overclear, a sky of excessive candor, we have lips parted, trees waving faintly in the wind, a dream landscape, not sharp to the eye, but deep and blurred with imagination, rich with the vague thrill that childhood feels in places and before things which it could not exactly name. Lady Murasaki's own poetry is part and parcel of nature, and not to be isolated by any analysis from the substance of day and night and air, from a land dripping early, or hidden in green or quiet with mysterious stir and change. A poetry it is that lies nearest to the core of life, not remote, fantastic, but reasonable, humorous, earthly, a poetry compounded not only of its own intangible essence but of warm good-manners, wise good-will. One longs to have lived in those times and among such people, to return home and find that the servants, like Genji's servants, "were at his pains to improve the view from his windows, for example by altering the course of certain rivulets," or to be met as the revellers were met by Chujo's father "who usually pretended not to hear them when they returned late at night," and "on this occasion brought out his flageolet, which was his favorite instrument, and began to play very agreeably."

As we look down this vista of nine centuries, at people who are not like us, yet hauntingly familiar, at feelings and places immobilized in another language so many years, yet still so green, we find, along with the antique freshness which is not of our time, which we could never recapture, a strangely modern soul. A soul that is naturally, easily aware of all human inward divisions, of the many cross currents which we had supposed were explored by novelists only in the last few decades. Now Lady Murasaki's people are children, direct, naïve, untortured, and the

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next moment she shows us layers and layers within each of them with as sure an instinct as any Russian, any "psychological" novelist. While Genji loved Yugao, he went to see her in a poor quarter of the town, with workmen's hovels all about, and it saddened him on such visits to hear the unbearably noisy pounding of the cloth-beaters' mallets, and to think he could not carry her away to peace and beauty. After Yugao died Genji thought of her many many times, and "even the din of the cloth-beaters' mallets had become dear through recollection." The Princess Fujitsubo regretted her relations with Genji, "as something wicked and horrible," and the memory of it "was a continual torment to her." When Genji came to see her "she met him with a stern and sorrowful countenance, but this did not disguise her charm, and as though conscious that he was unduly admiring her she began to treat him with great coldness and disdain. He longed to find some blemish in her, to think that he had been mistaken, and be at peace."

Probably few people will be born of our fiction for whom we shall feel the affection we do for Genji and his ladies. Few characters are likely to drop from twentieth century novels real and charming enough to make us forget Lady Murasaki, or dull our expectation of her forty odd chapters still to come. May they win us, as this first volume has done, with its true marriage of a simple beauty and a complicated heart.

ROBERT LITTELL.

Rosa Luxemburg

Rosa Luxemburg. Letters to Karl and Luise Kautsky from 1896 to 1918. Edited by Luise Kautsky and translated by Louis P. Lochner. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. 238 pages. $2.50.

TO most American readers the name of the woman which appeared occasionally in newspaper dispatches in connection with obscure conflicts within the Social Democratic movement of Europe, which flared into headlines for a moment when she was imprisoned by the German government for opposing the War, and again when she emerged from prison to become a leader of the Spartacists in November, 1918, was merely that of a professional revolutionist—Bloody Rosa. Her opposition to the War seemed useful to us and was approved; her attempt to extend the communist revolution to Germany was indignantly denounced. When the fact of her assassination by the officers of the Reinhard brigade was confirmed by the discovery months later of her body in the waters of the Spree, public interest had subsided. We tend to think in classes and categories. Kings are dignified old men with robes and crowns, and revolutionists are violent disturbers of the peace, appropriately crowned with thorns. We adopt from the old dramatists their convenient stage direction: "Enter two murderers." We needed Kropotkin's Memoirs of a Revolutionist to remind us that a man or woman may reject the established social order and still be a human being, with interests, friendships, passions, joys and sorrows like others. The letters of Rosa Luxemburg, those to Sophie Liebknecht published some years ago, and the present collection to Luise Kautsky, of which Louis Lochner has made a spirited translation, likewise reveal a real and intense personality quivering in every sense with life.

In Frau Kautsky's introduction we catch a glimpse of a Jewish girl, born in Warsaw in 1870, precociously ardent for the intellectual life, occupied with the origins of humanity, the right to motherhood, the history of races, and especially with the labor movement. She was a leader among her schoolmates and at sixteen she was regarded as sufficiently dangerous to society to make exile the alternative to imprisonment. After taking her doctor's degrees at Zurich she went to Paris where she fell under the spell of Vaillant and Guesde. She recognized that the socialist movement was farthest advanced in Germany, however, and in order to connect herself with it she went through a form of marriage with a young German, which automatically made her a German citizen. The present collection begins at Zurich, with formal letters addressed to Karl Kautsky in connection with the submission of manuscripts to Die Neue Zeit, of which he was editor. Kautsky was then upholding the radical socialist point of view against the compromising, revisionist program of Edouard Bernstein. Rosa Luxemburg supported Kautsky, and out of this political alliance grew a warm personal friendship with him and his family, particularly his wife, the editor of the present volume. During the abortive Russian revolution of 1905 Rosa went to Warsaw to help the Polish movement, and was there imprisoned for several months. After her return to Berlin she differed with Kautsky on the policy of the employment of the general strike of which she was an advocate, but their personal friendship was unimpaired. She continued to move toward the left. Her letters show her sympathy with the Bolshevik program of Lenin and her scorn of the Menshevik Trotzky. Then came the World War, her long imprisonment, and release to join Liebknecht in raising the standard of German communism. Frau Kautsky allows us to infer that she was not spared the last agony of the radical revolutionist, that of finding herself obliged to preach moderation to followers who had passed beyond her control. If this be true, her martyrdom must have been bitter. Nevertheless it was complete, and her revolutionary fame remains untarnished.

What gives to the letters of Rosa Luxemburg their highest quality is the sense of their being fragments of life, parts of a whole to which she was constantly reaching out and which at the same time had its spirit within her. "Life is playing an everlasting game of hide and seek with me," she wrote. "I always have the feeling that life is not within me, not wherever I happen to be, but somewhere else far away." Then she tells of rising before the others in her Warsaw home, and looking out on the courtyard with its homely morning sights. "At that time I had a firm conviction that 'life,' 'real' life was somewhere far away, beyond the roofs. Since then I have been travelling to find it. But it always hides behind some roof or other. Was it, after all, nothing but a hallucination, and has real life remained right there in the court. . . .?" This double play of romantic aspiration and realistic content were the diastole and systole which controlled her existence. Her intellectual ambition was intense. It required two doctor's degrees, in philosophy and jurisprudence, to express her resolution to take all social science for her province. Now it was botany which absorbed her, and for four months she did nothing but collect and arrange specimens. Again she wrote: "I am now working at geology and find great delight in it; one's horizon widens visibly." Nothing in her last imprisonment was such a resource to her as a work on ornithology. And yet a feeling for human contacts and values was an instinct with her. "My stay here," she wrote from Finland, whither she went after her release from prison in Poland

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in 1906, "is being of great service to me; in coming in contact with people, I learn to know the movement as one can never learn it by merely reading printed literature." Her letters are full of loving thought for her friends. In the midst of preoccupation with politics she could write: "You know that besides 'things general' there is always a place left for things personal in my soul."

The joy of life for her gathered about both things general and things personal, and it was constant and militant. She was resolved to share it with others. Again and again these letters recall a passage in the earlier collection to Sophie Liebknecht: "I wish for you all true joys of sense. I wish I could give you my own inexhaustible inner serenity [heiterkeit] so that I should be sure that you would go through life in a mantle beset with stars to protect you from all the petty, the trivial, the troubling things." To Luise Kautsky she wrote more colloquially: "Dearest, don't be discouraged, don't live like a frog that has been stepped upon!" This was written from prison where her sense of joy was always alert to meet the challenge. "Perhaps you are surprised to hear that I am thinking of music in my confinement," she wrote from Zwickau in her first imprisonment. "As a matter of fact, I am thinking about *everything,* and especially of joyous things." At Wronke she had opportunities of studying birds and plants; she found the first violet of the season in a cranny of the prison walls; her depression was dispelled by the nightingale singing through a thunderstorm; she saw a marvelous rosy cloud in a gray sky: "If life gives such colors, such forms, then it must be beautiful and worth living."

In this spirit of joy she entered into the revolutionary movement. It was more to her than politics, than a scheme of activity which has its value in the things which it may bring to pass. The revolution was life itself, and she lived it for its own sake. As a girl she took a romantic delight in the discussions at Zurich, and in the intrigues by which police were baffled and thrones shaken. She felt keen pleasure in agitation and public meetings. "In Lichtenstein I spoke at an open air meeting yesterday before 2000 persons in a garden decorated with Japanese lanterns—it was very romantic." She seems even to have enjoyed the weary business of conventions and committees, with their inevitable, heartbreaking bickerings and deadlocks. She was quite philosophical in recognizing the importance of this spirit to the whole movement. She wrote to Karl Kautsky from Zwickau: "I don't doubt but you will hit Kurt (Eisner), George (Gradnauer) and Co. quite thoroughly on their so-called heads. But you must do it with spirit and joy and not as though it were a bothersome intermezzo, for the public always senses the spirit of the combatants, and the joy of battle gives resonance to a controversy and ensures moral superiority."

The revolution has passed beyond its romantic period. As America advanced from its epoch of discovery and adventure to one of commercial exploitation and colonization —as Eldorado and the fountain of youth gave place to Jamestown and Plymouth Colony—so the social movement has passed from its earlier phase of aspiration and dream to one of hard fact. It must succeed by business methods. Bombs are less potent than cost accounting. Utopia is nowhere unless in Coketown. But it is the more necessary that the movement should believe in itself with that spontaneous joy, should nourish itself with that rich and generous human feeling of which Rosa Luxemburg's letters are full.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Family Allowances

Wages and the Family, by Paul H. Douglas. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 290 pages. $3.

PROFESSOR DOUGLAS has written an important book which will be discussed for a long time to come. Like many other economists he has studied the various budgets which specify in detail what a "living wage" would be for an American wage-worker's family of five. He has checked these budgets with the amounts actually paid in wages, and has observed that average wages fall considerably below the accepted standards. Comparing the estimates of the total national income with the total of wages it would be necessary to pay in order to give everyone the minimum, he is convinced that the minimum cannot be paid. He therefore has turned his attention to an analysis of the assumed "family of five" and has come to the conclusion that the trouble lies here. The arithmetic average family is somewhere between four and five, to be sure. But the number of families of average size is much less than half the total. Wage-earners have families of widely varying sizes, or none at all. If we varied the wage according to the size of the family, every one might have enough, even at the present status of production.

Before discussing other material in the book I want to question one of Mr. Douglas's major premises—one which is not original with him, but was first set forth in Australia and has since been resorted to widely in this country by employers combating arguments for wage increases. In examining the ability to pay a living wage he sets up first the estimate that the national money income for 1920 was $71,000,000,000. It would have taken $58,000,000,000 in that year to pay the standard family wage to all those gainfully employed. This would have left a surplus of $13,000,000,000, which obviously would be insufficient to account for differential payments above the minimum, for interest, for depreciation, for profits, for rents. Unless we can devise an entirely new economic system, these things must be accounted for. Therefore, a living wage could not be paid in 1920. Q. E. D. This method he goes on to apply to specific localities and industries.

But by such a method, were it sound, one could prove that in any year the wages that actually were paid were the highest possible. The "national income"—stated in dollars—is merely an estimate of the sum-total of all individual money incomes. Among these are the wage-earners' incomes. If you arbitrarily assume that the wage-earners had larger incomes—*without other changes*—and subtract the enlarged wage bill from the same money total as before, you necessarily assume at the same time that others had smaller money incomes, and therefore that the accustomed amounts of differential wages, of depreciation, interest, profits and rents were not paid—at least in money. Your financial symbolism has not got your logic an inch further than you could have gone without ever knowing how great the "national income" in dollars was. You have merely stated a truism.

All that is beside the point. What we really need to know in order to answer the question as to how much real wages can be raised is less elementary. Suppose at any given time we should increase all wages 20 percent. Would enough more goods be produced or marketed so that the apparent increase in purchasing power would be translated into a real increase in consumer's goods and services? Nobody knows enough to answer a definite no. Nobody

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knows enough to say that it would not work with 20, but would with 15, or 10, or 5. We do know that the productive capacity of our present equipment and labor power is scantily utilized. We do know that there is a fairly rapid tendency toward increased productivity. What would happen if marginal plants were forced out of industry by higher wages? What would happen if the efficiency of others were stimulated by the same cause? What would happen if idle capacity and unemployed workers were brought into production by greater effective demand on the part of wage-earning consumers? Does anyone know whether we are "saving" just enough for new capital, or too much, or too little? Does anyone know whether what we do save might not produce more of what the wage-earners need if less of it were devoted to production for the rich? Or how much more and how much less? Questions like this, which assume that the national economy is a dynamic organism—even if an organism of a low order—are relevant to the problem of the living wage, not questions which assume that it is a static and simple problem in addition and subtraction of dollar bills.

To my mind, this premise is more injurious than helpful to Mr. Douglas's argument. Admit that general increases in real wages have occurred and may occur, that they might conceivably occur rapidly enough before long to give the lowest paid as much as we now consider a decent minimum for a family of five. Still, we should be faced with the inequality of wages, and with standards rising according to the pace set by the better paid. We should have a new "minimum of health and decency." And we should have the wide array of family status among wage-earners—27.6 percent of the men unmarried, many of the married having less than three children, and a considerable percentage of them having more than three. If we paid the men with small families less we could still insure a better chance to the children in the large families.

The payment of such allowances may be a visionary proposal, but as Mr. Douglas points out, it is one already practiced to a considerable extent in France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Czechoslovakia and Holland, and one likely to be enacted at any time in Australia. The experience of these countries enables him to answer readily some of the more obvious objections. The family allowance does not lead an employer to discharge men with large families, because the allowance passes through a pool covering a whole industry or district, to which contributions are made by the several employers according to the number of their employes, or by some other equitable method. It has not, so far, had any visible effect on the birth rate, probably because improved economic status leads as much to prudence as to profligacy. There are many more serious difficulties which he does not attempt to conceal. If, for instance, the benefit is administered by employers, as it largely is in France, it can be used to split the unions and set the big families against the small. It can enable denials of increases in basic wages which would otherwise be necessary. It may easily discriminate against industries employing more heads of families than others. Such questions as state versus private administration, compulsory versus voluntary plans, need extremely careful consideration. Though many will quarrel with the answers Mr. Douglas gives to such questions, they will find in his book by far the best source of information about them.

Unless I am greatly mistaken, it will be long before the question is much agitated in the United States. We are not faced with the economic necessities which have brought it to the fore elsewhere. At any rate, there are several other objectives which seem to me to demand the consideration of labor in this country before the family allowance can wisely be introduced. We need, first, more organization and greater power for unions, to prevent the abuse of the system, since it should be the subject of collective bargaining. We need attention to the elimination of waste and the increase of average real wages. We need employment insurance and old-age pensions. Perhaps the American temperament is such that the system will never be accepted. At least it should be based on a far greater degree of economic control and industrial democracy than now exists. By the time we do consider it seriously, the experience of the countries practicing the system will have furnished far more certain answers to some of the problems involved than we have at present.

GEORGE SOULE.

Lee the Soldier

Robert E. Lee, the Soldier. By Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 313 pages. $4.

STONEWALL JACKSON found the perfect biographer in the Sandhurst professor of strategy, Colonel Henderson. General Maurice, even better qualified to do for Lee what Henderson did for Jackson, has not fully grasped his opportunity, and has given us a work which while engrossing and inspiring is sketchy instead of final. Yet it is the best analysis of Lee's generalship that has appeared, and for this reason it is valuable.

Maurice dissects Lee's system as follows:

> We find that Lee in his strategy employed three methods, each admirably adapted to the means available and to the political situation at the time. In the *first* period his policy was . . . purely defensive. He was seeking time to prepare the means for bolder courses. . . . In the *second* period he was seeking every opportunity to attack, not merely on the battlefields of Virginia, but in the territory of his enemy. . . . The *third* period of the war . . . dates from the failure at Gettysburg. After that battle Lee saw that the growing power of the North and the increasing determination of its people made it impossible to force them to abandon the struggle by an offensive campaign in the border States . . . Lee's procedure was then, not as in the second period to force a decision by boldness and enterprise, but to avoid decision and to cause delay. The campaign of the Wilderness of Spotsylvania, and the North Anna is a classical example in military history of how these objects should be sought. In method it was fifty years ahead of the times, and I believe that if the Allies in August, 1914, had applied Lee's tactical methods to the situation which then confronted them the course of the World War would have been changed.

Maurice, after highly praising Lee's positive achievements, gives a list of what he considers his errors, adding, "Of how many generals who have commanded for three years in the field is it possible to sum up the mistakes committed in so few words?"

The author's conclusion is that Lee deserves a place in Napoleon's Hall of Fame, which includes Hannibal, Cæsar, Gustavus, Turenne, Eugene, and Frederick—the Corsican's supreme generals. We wonder if General

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Maurice is right, whether or not his verdict will stand. He, like other writers on the Eastern campaigns of the Civil War, sees them apart from the Western operations. Yet is this sound? In 1863, when Lee invaded Pennsylvania, the defensive system of the Confederacy in the West was breaking down. Was it the best strategy to abandon Vicksburg to its fate and risk all on winning a victory at Gettysburg? We think not. We think that this was Lee's great mistake and that it may keep him from the gallery of genius to which General Maurice would admit him.

H. J. Eckenrode.

Here are Ladies

Princesses, Ladies and Adventuresses, by Therese Louise Latour. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 360 pages. $6.

A SLUGGISH translator has perhaps obscured the crystal French of Mme. Latour's account of twenty women aspirants for love and fortune at the court of Louis the Fourteenth. The volume won the Grand Prize for Prose in the Annual Literary Concourse at Marseilles. Delight in the present version must come entirely from the exciting stuff of the book, not from its English prose. Mme. Latour has woven from the heavy gold and giddy silk threads of a thousand memoirs and scandalous letters, twenty biographies, good history all of them, and incredible fiction. She begins with Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV, secret wife of Cardinal Mazarin, and ends with the intriguing dwarf and wager of literary duels, Duchesse du Maine. It is Madame's way with these ladies, to set a slight seal of moral approval on all the dullest ones, the unctuous Madame de Maintenon, and Louise de la Vallière, who did not know how to take care of herself. But since none of the ladies is really good, and the naughtiest plotted their lives with the wildest curves, she has forgiven them all, and related them without censoring. The ugly fanaticism of the times, the nasty intrigues, the fatuity and extravagance of the pleasures are pictured, and all the light and courtly fashions that sowed the whirlwind of revolution in reigns that followed. For those who have outgrown Little Women, there are the magnificently outrageous adventures of the five Mancini girls, nieces of Cardinal Mazarin. Where are the movie stars, or heroines, where are the Margots today with half the lusty appetites for romance, adventure and politics? Oh, to have been the Hearst of Paris in 1660 with so many ongoings to report!

Ninon de Lenclos is preserved in amber, healthy-minded, lovely, intelligent and careless, the only one with a code not dimmed or rotted by time, friend to all her lovers, impious, gay. Confined in a convent for her sins, but not repining, she was visited by the Queen of Sweden with whom she is reported to have exchanged many figs from thistles. Pooh for Black Oxen when one may read the story of Ninon, young at eighty-five, willing a little sum to the young Voltaire.

Shocking as these ladies are—or ought to be—it is difficult to tell the ladies from the adventuresses, and it is snobbish to try—their records are enlightening. In an age when there was no such thing as "equal rights" for their sex, they managed to expand their personalities well beyond the limit.

Ernestine Evans.

The Unholy Experiment, by Constance Smedley. New York: The Dial Press. $2.

TODAY, when moral controversy rages through all the arts, when fiction is the mouthpiece of social theory and "propaganda" lurks even in fairy-stories, it is interesting to come upon a morsel of entertainment—controversial, to be sure, as a sophomoric debate—yet so delicately impartial that at its conclusion one is "of the same opinion still" but endlessly receptive to the contradictory persuasiveness of these charming people. The author presents a marital problem and allows her agreeable characters to argue it out, leaving one even to the end uncertain of her own convictions. Her sympathies are not uncertain, nor can ours be, but suspense is sustained and the close of the tale is emotionally as inconclusive as life itself. From the standpoint of convention this is distinctly not a "success" story. Constance Smedley disguises realism under acrobatic romance, and, with almost bewildering agility, tells us only that being good has nothing whatever to do with being happy, but seems desirable on the whole.

D. B. W.

Ducdame, by John Cowper Powys. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.

THIS a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle." This particular circle is trodden by an English group of more culture than means. A heritage of degeneracy, and the problem of housing a mistress and an irate mother under the same roof, add to their troubles. Complications are not wanting: the ruthless cousin, the perpetuate-the-family motif, the village mystic, the almost pathological devotion between two brothers, who are none the less ready to make love at cross purposes. They are not commonplace folk, nor is their case a hackneyed one. But their story falls short of its pretensions. This is due to no lack of fine writing or of conscientious labor. There is a map to circumstantiate the locale. There is an attempt at fresh portraiture and intricate relationships. There is an obvious effort to spin the wisp that is told into the continuous thread of life. But in spite of all, it fails to live. Ducdame bears out its name too literally. The life it presents is so witless a maze that it seems hardly worth recording.

B. G.

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